DIRECT HACSA
JNX_SCANZ

TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING!

Photography: Robert A. Smith

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn!

You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, and now you can see them coming and going! This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is being air-expressed from Santa's workshop just in time for the Christmas crush.

Order today!

***Heavy Metal*, HM 2-82 , 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022** ___small ___medium ___large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me_____Captain Sternn T-shirt(s) at $6.00 (plus $1.00 for postage and handling) each.

Name_____

Address_____

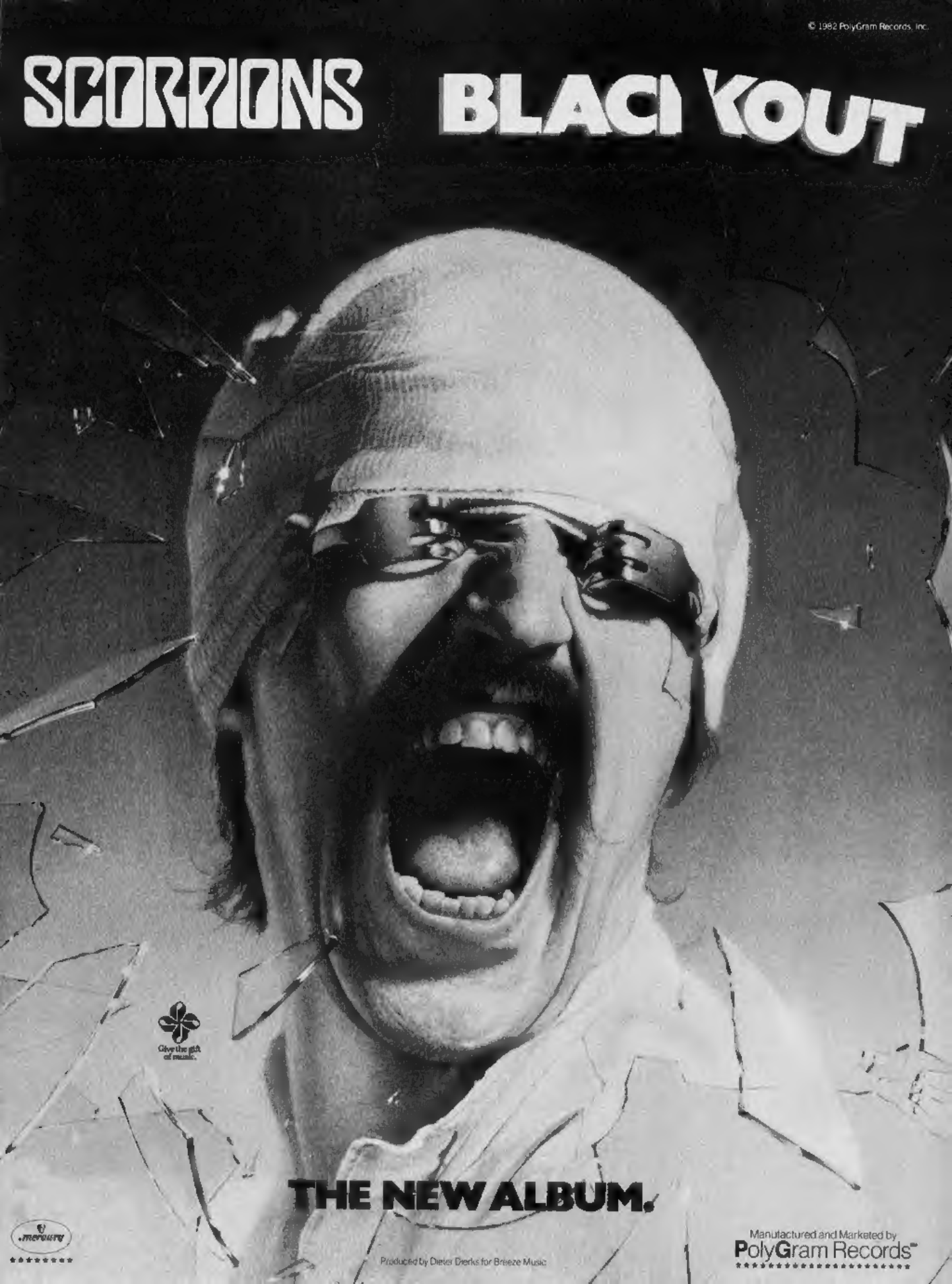
City_____ State_____ Zip _____

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

If you do wish to order, but don't want to cut the coupon in this ad, please print the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.

© 1982 PolyGram Records, Inc.

SCORPIONS BLACKOUT



Give the gift of music.

THE NEW ALBUM.

mercury

Produced by Dieter Dierks for Breeze Music

Manufactured and Marketed by
PolyGram Records

HEAVY METAL MAY 1982 VOL. VI, NO. 2

CONTENTS

Dossier, 5

The Incal Light, by **Jodorowsky**. Illustrated by **Moebius**, 10

The Third Sexual Revolution: Transcendent Eroticism in the Eighties, by **David Black**, 18

Den II, by **Richard Corben**, 21

Nova II, by **Luis Garcia**, 25

The Gallery: The Art of De Es Schwertberger. Written by **Jeff Goldberg**, 33

Superhero, by **Angus McKie** and **Alan Daniels**, 37

At the Middle of Cymbiola, by **Renard**. Illustrated by **Schuiten**, 41

Yragael, by **Druillet**, 46

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez**, 52

Exiled, by **Caza**, 60

Shakespeare for Americans, by **Walter Simonson** and **Howard V. Chaykin**, 64

Sixteen and Vanilla, by **Ted White**. Adapted by **David Bischoff**. Illustrated by **Val Lakey** and **Artifact**, 65

Mr. Dull, by **Bill Plympton**, 71

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 72

The Black Knight, by **Eberoni**, 74

The Voyage of Those Forgotten, by **Christin**. Illustrated by **Bilal**, 80

The Mercenary, by **Segrelles**, 87

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Coming Next Month, 96

Front cover, Spheres, by **Richard Cohen** and **Jon Townley**

Back cover, The Detour, by **Moebius**

"The Incal Light," by Jodorowsky and Moebius, "At the Middle of Cymbiola," by Renard and Schuiten, and "The Black Knight," by Eberoni, are © *Metal Hurlant*, France. All rights reserved.

"Yragael," by Druillet, "Exiled," by Caza, and "The Voyage of Those Forgotten," by Christin and Bilal, are all © Dargaud Editeur, Paris. All rights reserved.

"The Mercenary," by Segrelles, © NORMA 1981, Barcelona, Spain.

"Den II," by Richard Corben, © 1981.

"Zora," © 1981 Selecciones Ilustradas, Barcelona, Spain.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Sculpture by Robert John Durfee

Editor **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director **John Workman**

Associate Editors **Daphne Davis**
Lou Stathis

Copy Editor **Mark Keyser**

Editorial Assistants **Steven Maloff**
Annette Collica

Associate Art Director **Bill Workman**

Art Assistant **James Rios**

Foreign Rights Manager **Christina Miner**

Special Projects **Brad Balfour**
Michael Gross

Production Director **Camilla Russo**

Production Assistant **Ray Battaglino**

Circulation Director **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Marketing Director **James T. Brown**

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 375-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. © 1982 HM Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semfiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions, otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription; $32.00 paid two-year subscription; and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York*: **James T. Brown**, Marketing Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 688-4070. *Midwest*: **Sanke-Gueniher, Inc.**, River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800. *West Coast*: **Montague/Bass Media**, 4262 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 933-9217. *Southern Offices*: **Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062, (404) 996-2869.

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.
Chairman **Matty Simmons**
President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee
Leonard Mogel
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard Atkins**
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Phillips**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**

CONAN
THE BARBARIAN

DINO DE LAURENTIIS presents
an EDWARD R. PRESSMAN production
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER · JAMES EARL JONES in
"CONAN THE BARBARIAN"

STARRING
SANDAHL BERGMAN · BEN DAVIDSON · GERRY LOPEZ · MAKO · WILLIAM SMITH and MAX VON SYDOW as King Osric

WRITTEN BY
JOHN MILIUS and OLIVER STONE
MUSIC BY
BASIL POLEDOURIS
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
EDWARD SUMMER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
D. CONSTANTINE CONTE and EDWARD R. PRESSMAN
PRODUCED BY
BUZZ FEITSHANS and RAFFAELLA DE LAURENTIIS
DIRECTED BY
JOHN MILIUS

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE
© 1982 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC.

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

COMING MAY 14th TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

DOSSIER

NU VINYL

Rock'n'Roll Museum

A recent night out at the Metropolitan Opera, leaching up a tankful of Wagner (*Tannhäuser*, to be exact),* left me reflectively ruminating on the imminent fossilization of rock'n'roll. Now a notch or two past its happy thirtieth, rock has evolved a "tradition" with an aligned series of stylistically linked cisterns (when one overflows it dumps the runoff into the next). Along with tradition come the obediently heel-trotting keepers of the faith —hip-swiveling brothers to those stumpy bellowers on the Met stage. Rock'n'roll's Messianic and/or pandering preservationists, purists, revivalists, fundamentalists, and taxidermists.

ONE OF THE MAIN DISPLAYS FEATURES A PAIR OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S FAVORITE WHITE PANTIES.
THIS EXHIBIT MAY BE VIEWED THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS!

Rock's geneological linearity has succumbed to necrophilic plurality. Six examples of a recently voguish pursuit—rockabilly re-creationism—provide corroborative illustration. Of the bunch: one sucks, one resists judgment, three pass, and the remaining platter actually yanks my patrician lobes.

The lone stinker, *The Rockats Live At the Ritz* (Island), exemplifies everything that's wrong with the Peabody & Sherman Way-Back Machine approach to music-making. Like religious cargo cultists, these limeyfied colonials ritually mimic the rockabilly mystique in an effort to summon forth its true spirit. Reverently, they mouth the correct lyrical cliches, slap a stand-up bass, hiccup at appropriate moments, and —most important — impeccably coif, drape, and manicure their darling little bodies. But their devotion is hollow; walking-talking musical junk food for a style-obsessed culture. Wake me when it's over

MANY CALIFORNIA ROCKERS FLOCK TO THE BRIAN WILSON EXHIBIT—WHERE THEY EXPECT TO FIND A PIANO IN A SANDBOX.
BUT INSTEAD THEY FIND THE REAL INSPIRATION FOR THE HIT, 'GOOD VIBRATIONS!'

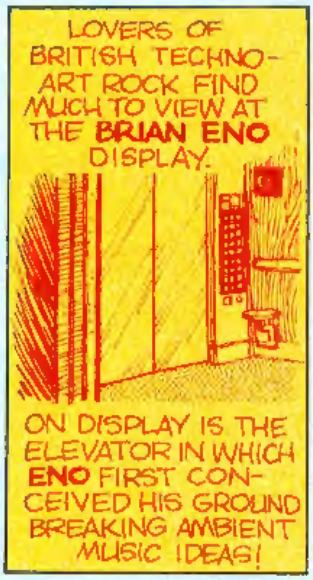
OF GREAT INTEREST TO GUITAR BUFFS IS OUR ERIC CLAPTON EXHIBIT, FEATURING A PAGE FROM ERIC'S CALENDAR.
OCTOBER 12 1972
THE DATE IS THAT OF ERIC'S VICTORY OVER DRUGS, AND COINCIDENTLY, THE DAY HE WROTE HIS LAST GOOD SONG!

At least Robert Gordon and Dave Edmunds have the decency to spend more time in front of the turntable than the mirror. These rock-war veterans draw on a variety of late-fifties rock'n'roll idioms and display equally distinctive flairs. Gordon's *Are You Gonna Be the One* (RCA) moves away from the single-minded purism of past LPs, revealing a better-than-average mainstream rock crooner bullied by a bashing beat. Robert kick-starts his hog to open side two, but somehow forgets to crank his own engine, taking the record at cruising speed. He still doesn't sound like he means it. Edmund's *Twangin . . .* (Swan Song/Atlantic) and a Christmastime *Best of* collection, both sport slick, tuneful ditties (I especially enjoy his Everly Bros. pastiches) but lack real identity or dynamism.

The Blasters LP (Slash) is the first rockabilly resuscitation record I felt like listening to more than twice. Finally, a pompadoured pack who *believe* what they sing and can write *new* songs instead of assembling xerox collages. Dave Alvin's "American Music" should be our national anthem.

KNOWN TO SOME AS 'THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK & ROLL BAND,' THE ROLLING STONES EXHIBIT IS OFTEN OVERCROWDED.
ONE VERY POPULAR ITEM IS THIS BOTTLE OF KEITH RICHARD'S ORIGINAL BLOOD!

On the other hand, I hope the Cramps *don't* believe what they sing. Whew. *Psychedelic Jungle* (IRS), their third album, revels in the perverse interbreeding of autistic rockabilly and pre-adolescent horror-movie paranoia—the vinyl equivalent of *Invaders From Mars*. I love it, but don't listen to it much. However, I have to admire heroically insane singer Lux Interior (illegitimate offspring of Iggy and Elsa Lanchester) and hunger for guitar-zombie Ivy Rorchatz's velvet-ice thighs. Even more confounding is *Behind the Magnolia Curtain* by Tav Falco's Panther Burns (Rough Trade), containing some of the worst recorded performances since my high school band, Vito and the Vomit, last entertained. Sounding like a nuthouse Cramps study-group recorded on a passing orderly's walkman, the record qualifies as an instant nominee for the Jack Henry Abbott Room of Fatal Mistakes.


LOVERS OF BRITISH TECHNO-ART ROCK FIND MUCH TO VIEW AT THE BRIAN ENO DISPLAY.
ON DISPLAY IS THE ELEVATOR IN WHICH ENO FIRST CONCEIVED HIS GROUND BREAKING AMBIENT MUSIC IDEAS!

Up the hall a ways we find the Fleshtones, a New York quartet who've spent entirely too much time in the pre-psychedelic "Nuggets" wing (AKA the Lenny Kaye Collection). Their new album *Roman Gods* (IRS) and a just-released 1978 LP-session *Blast Off!* (Reach Out International cassette) flawlessly re-create the circa '66, West Coast garage-punk sound: nasal teenage vocals, rinky-dink organ chording, reverbed Fender guitar and breakneck surf-beat (ref: the Seeds, the Electric Prunes, Shadows of Knight, etc.). Fun in their scrupulous naivete and exuberant pre-hippie frenzy, the Fleshtones make a dust-free spot for themselves on a damn crowded shelf. Two items are enough for me. I only have so much interest in time-warping reality away. Ultimately that's the problem with all these albums. I don't care how fun-loving the stuff is, it's still locked in the past. And I'm honestly *bored* with the past.

—Lou Stathis

*To answer your obvious questions: 1) Yes, they let my kind in there, and 2) Well-yelped Wagner turns my knees to playdough.

Illustrations by Dan Steffan

Springtime for Hitler

Speer Chucker

It's that time of year when everything Nazi is new again.

For five startling primetime hours, ABC-TV brings alive Albert Speer's ghoulish *Inside The Third Reich* complete with imperialistic art deco sets, costumes, and villains. Speer, who died last fall, served twenty years in Spandau Prison where he wrote his best-selling recollections of fun and nightmares with the Führer, touching also on Nazi aesthetics.

Playing Hitler's man of art, culture, and architecture is Dutch-born Aryan sweetheart Rutger Hauer (who surfaces this summer as Harrison Ford's warrior adversary in the future fiction movie *Blade Runner*). Like Speer, he's suave and banal at rationalizing his complicity in the look of extermination design. Right up there with the eighteen missing minutes of Watergate tape.

Among the many theater-of-the-ridiculous reasons for not missing this video spectacular: 1) Mort Sahl portrays

Derek Jacobi (left) as Hitler, Rutger Hauer as Albert Speer. Courtesy ABC TV.

Werner Finck, a political standup comic the Gestapo eventually found unfunny and sent to Auschwitz (which he survived); 2) Derek Jacobi, of *I Claudius* fame, drooling and going deliciously berserk as the megalomaniac Hitler; 3) Sir John Gielgud, *Arthur*'s butler, in an off-the-wall bit as Speer's patrician father; 4) for comic relief Vivian Stanshall as a gypsy who prophesized Speer's illustrious and unfortunate future. Achtung!

—Daphne Davis

Saucer, Fang, and Lightning Bolt

Tallying the swastikas on any current paperback rack proves the enduring power of Nazi imagery—at least in bookselling (as good a symbol-potency indicator as any). Nazism has replaced medieval, christian-based devil concepts as the dominant modern archetype for evil. Labeling anybody/anything with Hitlerian symbols instantly Jekyll-Hydes them into bloodthirsty monsters—Shirley Temple with a swastika armband becomes Ilse, She-Wolf of the SS.

The temptation to combine this new mass-myth system with older ones can be irresistible. In *The Keep* (Morrow), sf writer F. Paul Wilson (*Healer, Wheels Within Wheels*) pits an SS detachment against the vampire-like inhabitant of a 15th century Romanian castle. At first, the Death's Head commandos are set in opposition to the Transylvanian folk-figure, each swapping bad guy roles. But the Nazis get redherringed to the sidelines and become bystanders to an ages-old battle between immortal adversaries, a Wagnerian fantasy of good vs. evil. Pity the first 300 pages of *The Keep* are so damn dull—most readers'll probably give up long before the reasonably entertaining conclusion.

Nazism signs on with that other major 20th century myth system, flying saucer paranoia, in W. A. Harbinson's *Genesis* (Dell). Unfortunately, this one's even longer and duller than *The Keep*, sardined with non-characters tediously lecturing unnecessary info at each other without any regard for suspense, pacing, or narrative flow (topped with a ludicrous, *Bridge-Over-the-River-Kwai*, whistling-in-the-pjays-of-death ending). *Genesis* offers a rationalization scenario for flying saucers involving an amoral American aeronautical engineer drawn to Nazi Germany for the ultimate freedom of science without scruples. Fleeing to Antarctica after the war, he continues his research toward building a new technocratic world order of mind-controlled contentment. Makes Robert Ludlum look like Immortal literature (his *Holcroft Covenant* remains the last word in overpowering Nazi doom-fear).

In *Johnny Got His Gun*, Dalton Trumbo personalized an experience of supreme horror. He again enters the head of the beast—an unrepentant Nazi—in *Night of the Aurochs* (Bantam Windstone). Left unfinished at his death in 1976, the novel skillfully avoids glib Freudianisms in its penetration of SS-officer Ludwig Grieben's psyche, portraying Nazism as a corruption of love and its resulting despair. Despite its puzzle-piece state, *Aurochs* has power, insight, compassion, and more understanding of human motivation than any historical recounting of the period.

Like an unexorcisable **demon, the Götterdämmerung spectre of Hitler** stays with us—not because we want it to, but because it's as much a part of us as anything we cherish.

—Lou Stathis

Lord of the Swastika

Führers taste for Wagnerian space opera.

But, are all of these individuals dedicated to genocide, mass psychosis, and German Lebensraum? In that matter, were all of the Germans who found themselves goosestepping to the glory of Führer and Fatherland?

Let's face it. Adolf Hitler didn't know jack shit about economics or international affairs. And he wasn't such a hot military strategist either. He was a mediocre painter and architect. But he knew how to key symbols and rituals—like the twisted cross (swastika), death's heads, the old German imperial eagle, mass torchlight rallies, gargantuan fetishistic military parades, and Albert Speer's "cathedral of light" —into the Jungian collective unconscious. He knew how to put together a sound track. He knew how to design costumes and sets and how to use color. He had a good sense of choreography and an unlimited budget but no scruples about how he used them.

In *The Iron Dream*, I had Hitler dying broke as a science fiction writer. But if he had been making TV commercials on Madison Avenue, he'd be king of the hill. And if he had worked in Hollywood and had the right lawyer, he'd be a multimillionaire from the merchandising rights alone.

—Norman Spinrad

The Iron Dream *by Norman Spinrad. Adolf Hitler's greatest science fiction novel will be reissued by Timescape/Pocket Books in June. Cover painting by Rowena Morrill.*

Light My Fire

Quest For Fire, an exciting and thoroughly absorbing anthropological fantasy, set 80,000 years ago, takes you on an uncharted journey as mythical as those of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. In addition to the tribal battles over fire among Homo sapiens, cannibals, and marauding Neanderthals (sporting *Planet of The Apes/Elephant Man* makeup), the comic book adventure saga's main message is that aggression and fear coupled with necessity are the true progenitors of invention and progress.

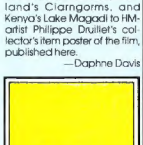
To get us into the spirit and culture of late Ice Age nomadic tribes, Anthony Burgess (who invented the *A Clockwork Orange*'s future-speak "Nadsat") creates a half dozen incomprehensible dialects that could possibly have been spoken by early man. These connect with Desmond (*The Naked Ape*) Morris's dynamic body language. Consequently observing these human/simian creatures nibbling on insects and learning to laugh appeals to the *National Geographic* explorer in all of us.

But the movie's biggest attraction is the hilarious noble savage love affair between Noah (Everett McGill) of the up and coming Ulam tribe (which doesn't know how to make fire) and Ika (Rae Dawn Chong, daughter of Cheech's buddy Tommy Chong), a charmer of the Ivaka tribe (which does). Their romance cries out for the tag-line, "Love means never having to say light my fire."

Noah rescues Ika from the Kzamm cannibals. She takes him home to her people. Smarter and more verbal than he is, this Eve not only makes better fire than her Adam but also teaches persuades him to switch from the animal to the missionary position during lovemaking. *Quest For Fire* concludes with Ika pregnant and the happy couple caressing under a full moon with great expectations for the future.

Visually this prehistoric travelogue is a knockout —from Claude Agostini's sumptuous cinematography of Alberta's Badlands, Scotland's Cairngorms, and Kenya's Lake Magadi to HR-Giger artist Philippe Druillet's collector's item poster of the film, published here.

—Daphne Davis



Dreaming

Borges and Calvino: erudite, sophisticated, bookish writers. Along with Gabriel Marquez in Colombia and Raymond Queneau in France, they have refreshed contemporary literature by restoring to it the possibility of fantasy, the sense that dreaming is legitimate.

Calvino's *If on a winter's night a traveler* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich) is a charming dream about reading itself. A Reader picks up a book called *If on a winter's night a traveler* only to find it turning into gentle parodies of modern fiction: an Eastern European proletariat novel, an over-refined Japanese tone-poem, etc., etc. As the Reader keeps searching for the "real" novel he's joined by a woman, the Other Reader, and in the book's finale, art and life merge. The Reader decides he must marry his opposite, and the two go off to live happily ever after between the covers. Calvino's *Italian Folk Tales* (Pantheon), sadly enough, is a disappointment. These little stories—full of stock characters like the king and his eligible daughter, the monster waiting to be turned into a prince—are too familiar and artless to be very gripping.

Better known than Calvino, Borges is also more ambitious. He's gained an impressive reputation for his tiny, crystalline stories, the best of which convey a sense of imaginative possibility, a feeling that thought itself is a creative act. While *Six Problems of Don Isidro Parodi* (Dutton), a series of "mysteries" Borges wrote with a friend in the 1940s, is far from his best work, it does offer us a typically Borgesian figure in the jailed detective, a man who solves crime simply by thinking. *Borges: A Reader* (Dutton) is much more successful. Not only does it include previously untranslated criticism and essays but some of his finest stories, "The Aleph," a story about finding the center of the universe in a Buenos Aires cellar, "The Circular Ruins," about a man dreaming himself into being, and "The House of Arterion," told in the voice of the Minotaur. In these, Borges takes elements of fairy tales and myths and *personalizes* them by turning them into ways of revealing feeling. The quest for the center of the universe, for instance, is really a quest for the ability to love.

—George Blecher

Iraq Lobster

The B-52's' beach party days are over (*Mesopotamia* (Warner Brothers), their latest venture into retro-rock, is an excursion down the Tigris River to that ancient Near-Eastern civilization). "Iraq Lobster"?)

The first B-52's albums —*The B-52's*, *Wild Planet*, and *Party Mix*—summed up a period of pop art, influencing dance music and fashion more than any album since Nancy Sinatra's *These Boots Were Made for Walkin'*. All the cool girls started teasing their hair again. The B-52's weren't just nostalgic though they successfully revived the kitsch and camp that made early 1960s pop so embraceable. While the new music scene was dominated by melodramatic bands like the Clash, Shindig suddenly made perfect sense. Does "Party Out of Bounds" sound so funny anymore?

The band and their new producer, David Byrne (*Remain in Light*, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, and *The Catherine Wheel*), should offer a collaboration of the eclectic kings. Apparently they could have given the B-52's a funkier, even Motown sound. But this album comes off like Petula Clark meets Cleopatra Byrne's Hollywood over the record. As a result, the B-52's are looking a lot farther east than Detroit. They're livin' in their own Private Baghdad.

Fleeting marks of B-52's humor surface now and then on the disc's six songs—like when Cindy Wilson trembling with emotion sings about chocolate devil's food on "Cake." However, that simple snappy sound that led to the overpopulation of dance floors everywhere is gone, largely due to the addition of seven extra players (David Byrne's influence?). *Mesopotamia* is not likely to produce any regretful listening.

—Steven Maloff

Photograph by Mark Mann. Courtesy Warner Bros. Records

SF/P.U.

Most major publishing houses in the USA are in the hands of massive corporations, and for the first time there is real money in sf, but it comes at a hideous social cost. Like other low, mollusc-like forms of life, big corporations pull back their eyestalks and retreat within a shell of dull fear and invertebrate stupidity when threatened by economic hard times. The innate greed that drives these organizations to experiment can only flourish in times of prosperity. Until such times return, science fiction will be an increasingly dull and conventional market product.

Nothing illustrates this process better than George R R. Martin's fourth *New Voices* (Berkley) collection. Martin, an important writer and editor with integrity, had the fine idea of introducing new authors of proven merit to the sf audience. Hence the title. The anthology is now called *The John Campbell Award Nominees* and the title "New Voices" has shrivelled with embarrassment. The "voices" are no longer new; they are fluent and successful with award-laden mantelpieces. Hitched to the corporate snail, the whole enterprise is still slogging through the year 1977! Tragicomically, it even includes an author who has been *dead for four years*—Tom Reamy. The whole noble enterprise has become a travesty, a pathetic joke. While a frightened world begs for visions and new hope, today's sf writers churn out power fantasies.

Terry Carr's *The Best Science Fiction Of The Year 10* (Timescape) has always demonstrated the state of the art. 1981 looks bad. Of twelve stories, four are lowerwritten to the point of impenetrability. These fussy, bloodless, rococco pieces lie on the reader's mind like chains. Two major writers, Philip K. Dick and Clifford Simak, produced minor pieces, far from their best efforts but among the best '81 had to offer. A budget sf novel from Waldrop's "The Ugly Chickens," a clear and vigorous story with a hidden streak of powerful anger that may bode well for the future. Two other writers, John Varley & George R. R. Martin try to be sharp and dangerous, but lack all conviction.

The Berkley Showcase, Volume 4 (Berkley) is simply and genuinely dull. Seven out of ten stories are unreadable, ranging from trivial half-baked fantasy to tedious, wrong-headed devoid of vision. Even the editor's brief introductions reek of pomposity and arrogance. Where is the vision, the excitement, the spark of wonder? Why are we splattered by slop-sticky bogus fantasies, death-marched through endless deserts of dry, self-important, pretentious prose? The idea behind *Showcase* is a good one. It could be useful to readers and profitable to the massive corporation that owns Berkley's soul. But, my God, not like this.

—Bruce Sterling

THE FRONT LINE

FANTASY GAMING

As people in the 1980s gear up for catastrophe, brought on by either nuclear firestorms or mutant fish, the bulk of the population opts for escape. Some escape through religion; others through chemicals. But the *sanest* escape is through imaginary wars with battles fought on paper or in the mind.

Trad. war games like Avalon Hill's *Squad Leader* or SPI's *Out Reach* are steeped in tactics and strategies; fleets and divisions, disguised as cardboard markers battle across stylized hex maps. Fantasy role playing as typified by games like *Chitan* (Metagaming) or the *Mechanoid Invasion* (Palladium Books) involves the exploits of imaginary individuals as well as historical figures: fighters, thieves, wizards, hobbits, etc., all rage in the minds of the players. And while war games are governed by fairly limited tactics and strict rules ("a tank battalion, for example, can only move in so many ways after all), fantasy role playing is laden with action that involves infinite possibilities of compromise, trickery, and improvisation. Your characters' personalities are often more important to survival than knowing a clever battlefield maneuver.

Among the most popular war games is Avalon Hill's *Panzer Blitz*, simulating tank warfare in Egypt during WWII. It combines realism with the ease of play. *Fall of the Third Reich*, also Avalon Hill, is a bit more complicated but allows two or more players to fight out the whole of WWII month by month, army by army, both militarily and economically. *Battle Fleet Mars* (SPI), perhaps the most solid of the science fiction biggies on the market, needs only a little skill for the maximum ease of play and realism. Also from SPI is a series of historical period games including *Chariot* (Egyptian), *Spartan* (Greek), *Legion* (Roman), and *Musketeer And Pike* (16th century English)—all with interchangeable units so that you can arrange Cromwell to battle Caesar.

The most widely known role-playing game is *Dungeons and Dragons* (T. S. R.), in which hobbits and dwarves fight for treasure in fantasy settings. Traveler (G. D. W.) takes the action into outer space and creates a world of merchants and pirates not unlike Isaac Asimov's *Second Foundation*. Meanwhile, in *Bushido* (Fantasy Games International) players explore the world as Japanese myth figures with Samurai competing for gold and glory amidst demon haunted palaces.

—William F. Loebs

HOME CATACLYSMIA (A VIDEO FANTASY)

AtariNation" is upon us. Within two years, every home in America will have three televisions (one for viewing, two for *playing*). Recreational activities which require leaving the home will be considered "cult eccentricities." Professional football will take second place to "Atari Football" as the national pastime; N.A.S.A. scientists will stay home and play "Missile Command" instead of going to work; and Las Vegas will become a ghost town due to its refusal to "Atarize." Why tangle with the rigors of modern societal interaction when you can master the skills of simulated survival in the security of your home?

The "Home Cataclysmia Center" offers a complete selection of situational video games which allow the participant to face the terrors of a violent society on his own terms. Be a hit-man or a prospective target without leaving the sanctity of your fallout shelter!

MELTDOWN: There's been an accident in the plutonium reactor and it's up to you to activate the cooling system. Your joystick controls a battery of firemen who attempt to hose down the machinery, but the further the contamination spreads from the center of the plant, the more points are tallied against you. Special attraction of this cartridge: infrared rays holographically emanate from the screen when radiation reaches the reactor's outer layer (protective visor not included).

PAPARAZZI: You're a society photographer in a shooting gallery game, trying to snap moving celebs of escalating value. The targets range from Rod Stewart (the easiest) to Frank Sinatra (the pinnacle), but watch out for bodyguards and injunction notices, which, when hit, score points against you.

ASSASSIN: Colonel Khadafi has sent you on a mission to the USA. Navigate through a moving field of senators, cabinet members, and congressional pages who you must eliminate in order to get to the commander-in-chief. You are vulnerable to arrest and/or fire from Secret Service and F.B.I. agents, and points are scored against you if you rub out political liabilities (i.e. Richard Allen). Additional options of this game include a competition in which you become the target of J.D.L. hit men as you try to seek asylum at your embassy.

ILLEGAL ALIEN INVADERS: This three-dimensional sequel to the famed SPACE INVADERS puts you in the president's chair, trying to thwart Haitians, Mexicans, and boat people from immigrating to the land of the free. To reflect the demographics of the nation you've got to be on guard on all three levels, as undesirables approach by air, sea, and land. Unlike SPACE INVADERS the enemy doesn't destroy you, they merely become your constituency.

So while you're lying back enjoying the mental caress of your videogames, just remember that those same guys who lost the Second World War have just captured your mind.

—Sally Tiven

WHEN I WAS ASSIGNED THIS ARTICLE, I QUESTIONED THE LOGIC BECAUSE OF MY INEXPERIENCE ON THE SUBJECT. BUT APPARENTLY, THE EDITORS FELT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF...
WAR GAMES
by B.K. Taylor
THE AVERAGE BOARD GAME SEEMS TO CONSIST OF TEN MILLION PIECES THAT ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE MASTERED RUBIK'S CUBE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE OF FIGURING OUT.
YOU CAN, OF COURSE, TURN TO THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL, BUT ITS COMPLEXITY AND TINY PRINT WOULD MAKE EVEN GEN. GEORGE PATTON CONSIDER ALL-OUT SURRENDER.
ANOTHER FORM OF GAMING IS "ROLE PLAYING," WHICH DEFINITELY TESTS ONE'S IMAGINATION...
I'M A HOBBIT!
I'M A FIGHTER!
I'M A MAN-EATING CARP.
SOME BOARD GAMES HAVE IMMENSE PLAYING SURFACES THAT CAN INVOLVE ENTIRE WORLD WARS...
MOVE MY WHAT?!
CHESS GAMES, WITH THEIR INCREDIBLE SIZE, INTRICACIES AND VARIATION OF PROCEDURE, DICE, ETC., MAY INVOLVE WEEKS OF PLAYING TIME!
OKAY, YOUR TURN.
UPON ENTERING A GAME FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE NOVICE SHOULD NOTE THAT THE GAMES HAVE STRICT RULES WHICH SHOULD NOT BE TAMPERED WITH.
CAN I BUILD HOTELS ON THIS SPACE? I SHUDDER!
IN DISGUSTING BY-PRODUCT OF GAMING IS THE DIFFICULTY IN RETURNING TO REALITY AFTER-WARD...
BY CROM! STAND ASIDE YE HOBBITT!
SPECIAL THANKS TO MARSHALL MILLARD JORDA, JR. AND ERROL WAGNER.

Mystique Is the Message

When a popular figure warrants a biography while still living, the project often faces practical and conceptual problems. When and how to end, who to interview, and who not to interview. And when the subject has the striking and contradictory mystique of David Bowie, the problems multiply. He possesses a rich humanity, and yet his image is tainted by the alienation of the character he played in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.

With an encyclopedic eye, British rock critic Miles succeeds with *The David Bowie Black Book* (Quick Fox). He has combed clip files, called on numerous associates to unearth once-hidden facts (such as the one about Bowie's insane older brother) and to supply quality quotes. Yet with all the rich color pictures and unusual archival clutches, this tome on Bowie isn't definitive. It lacks detail and a thorough analysis of the concepts behind the superstar's music and career.

Chris Charlesworth's *David Bowie Profile* (Proteus/Savoy) not only lacks analysis but also has no immediate visual power. (Where are all the pretty color pictures?) He musters up fresh data but not enough to distinguish his work from that of Miles. Quotes from Charlesworth's own interviews add spice to Bowie's enigmatic mystique, but they do little to explain the power Bowie possesses.

David Bowie—An Illustrated Record, by Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray (Avon) purports to be an analytical discography rather than a bio. Instead of a solid grasp of Bowie's world view, critic Murray offers breezy and sometimes aggravating assumptions. Still, this work is the most successful of the three, and it combined with the others would make one hell of a Bowie book.

Only when David Bowie writes his autobiography will his mystique be captured. But that book too will probably arouse as many questions as answers.

—Brad Balfour

Photographs courtesy RCA Records

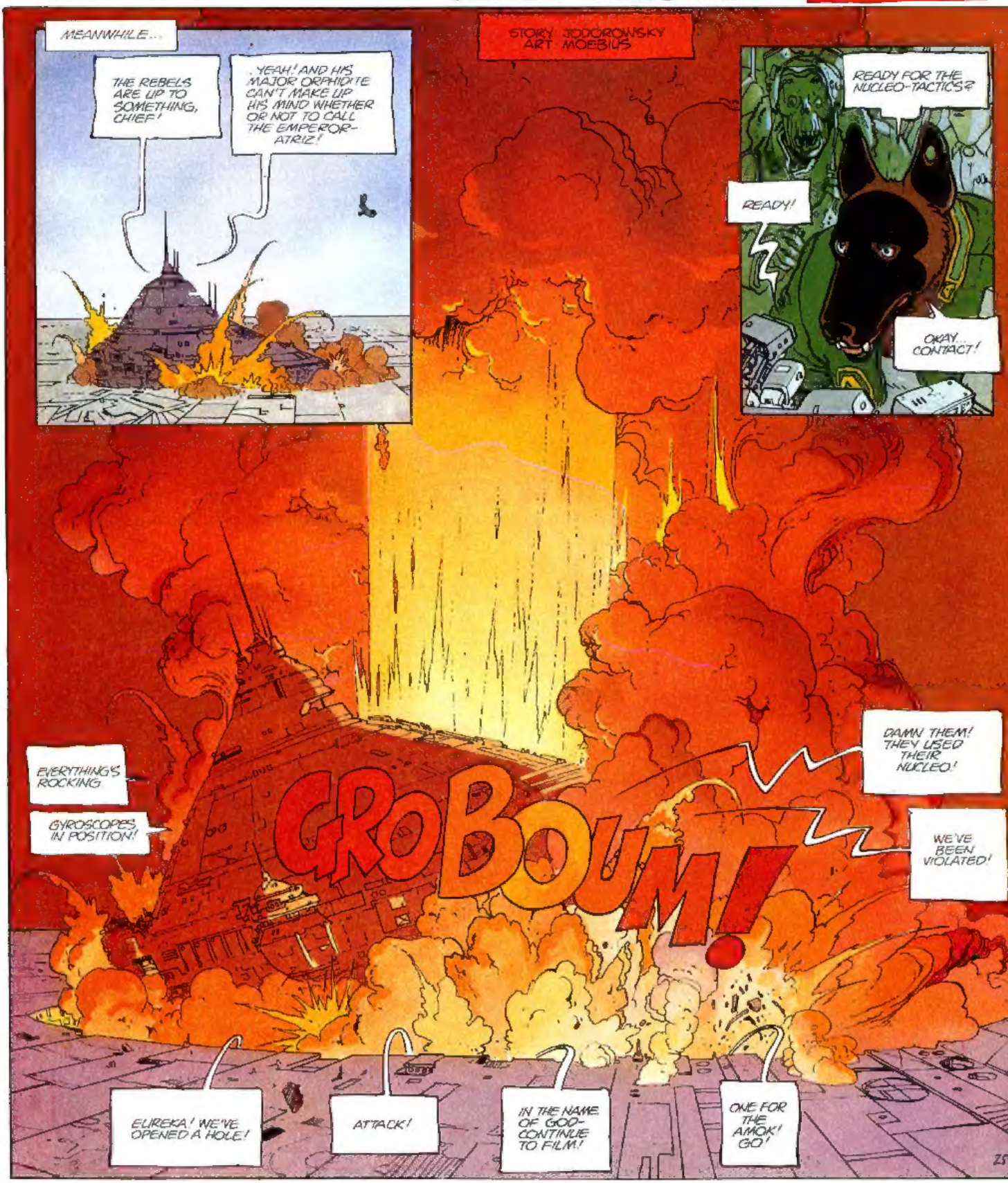
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

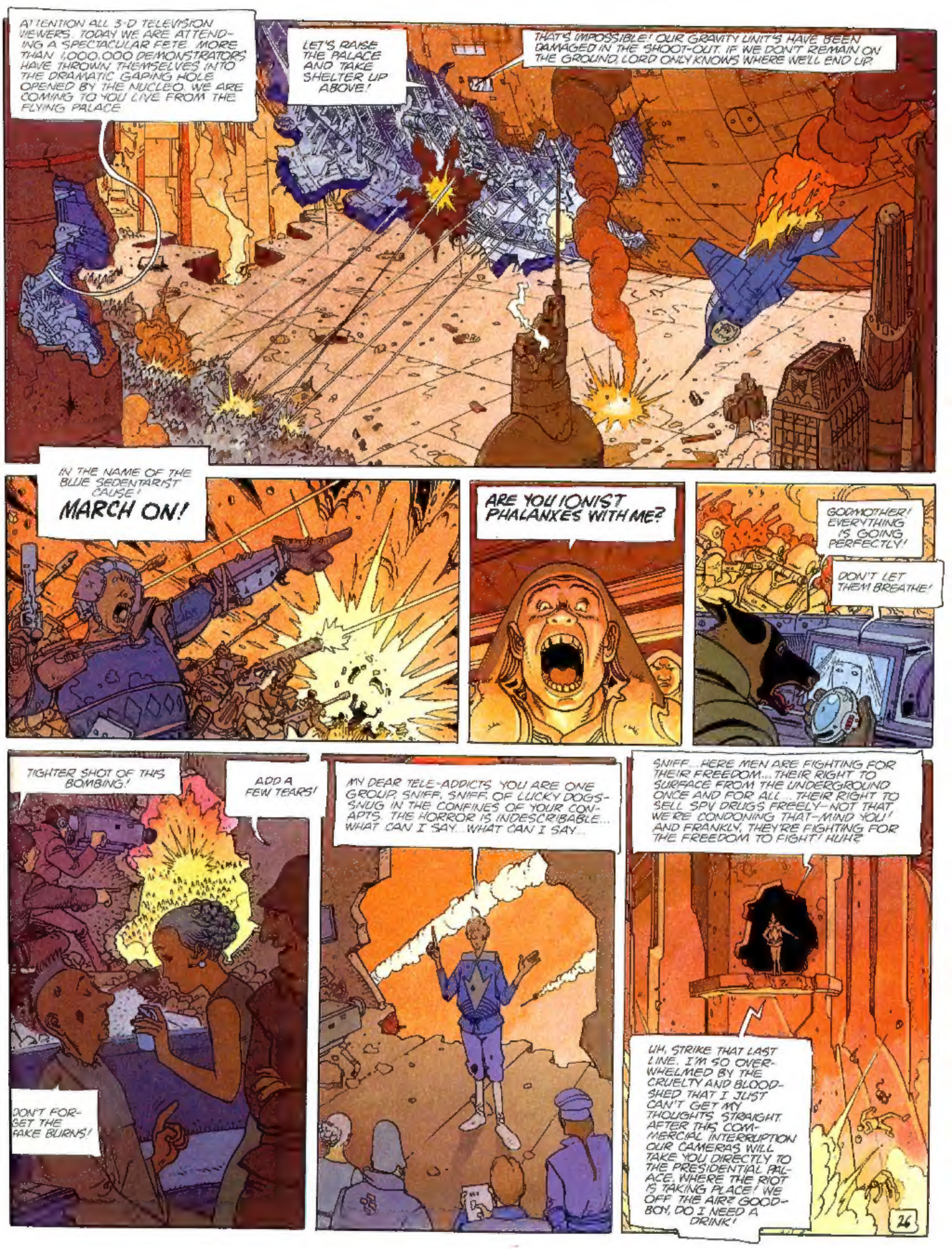
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

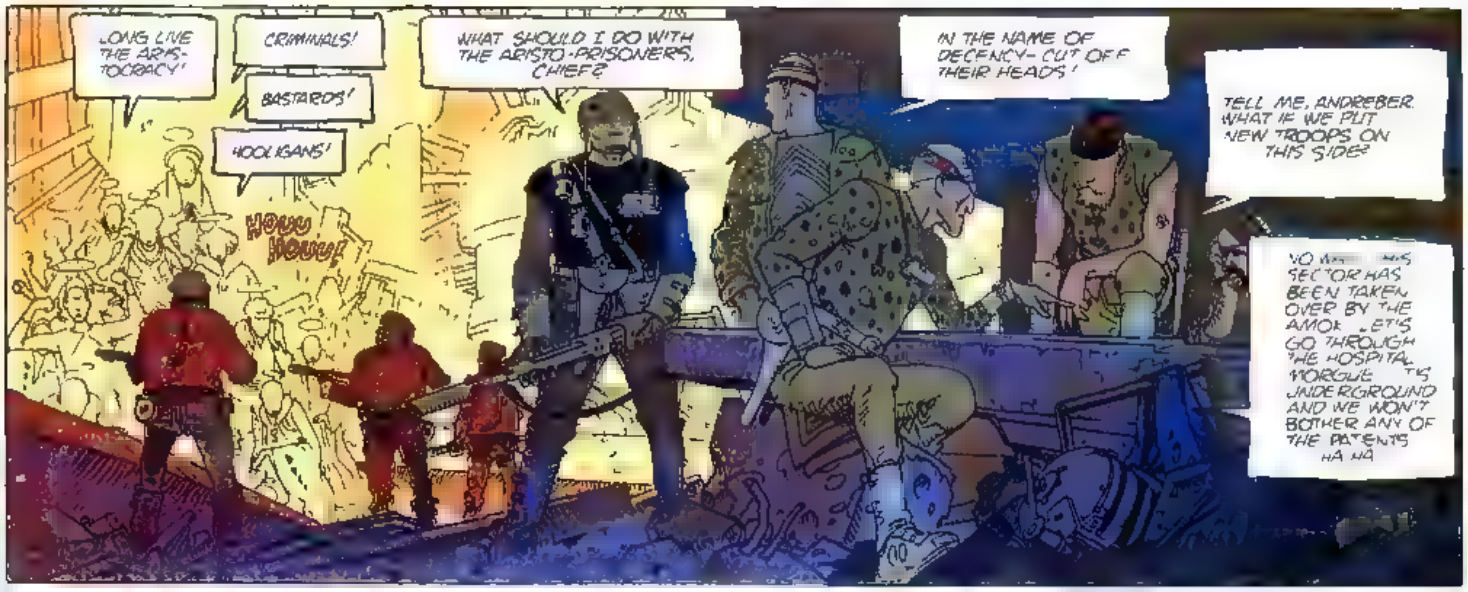
THE INCAL LIGHT
NEURAZTENIK CLASS STRUGGLE

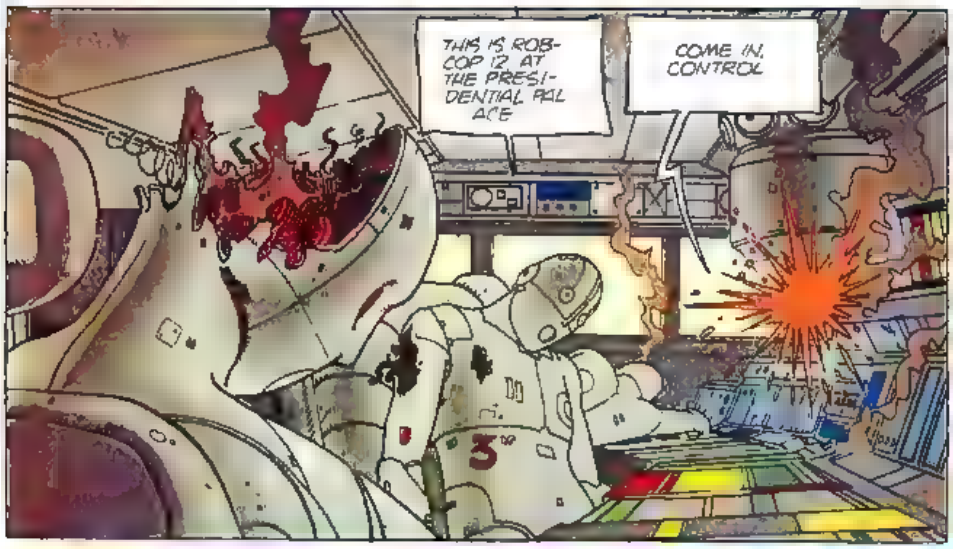
LAST WE SAW, JOHN DIFOOL HAD SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING THE TECHNO-POPE'S CARDIO-CLAWS, ONLY TO RUN SMACK DAB INTO META-BARON- THE MOST INFAMOUS KILLER OF THAT ERA.

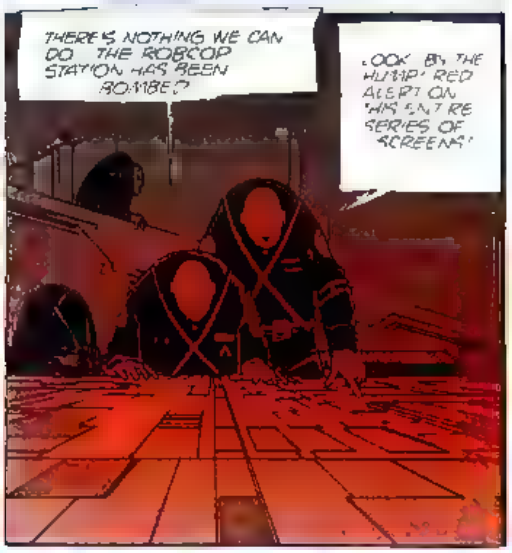
STORY JODOROWSKY
ART MOEBIUS

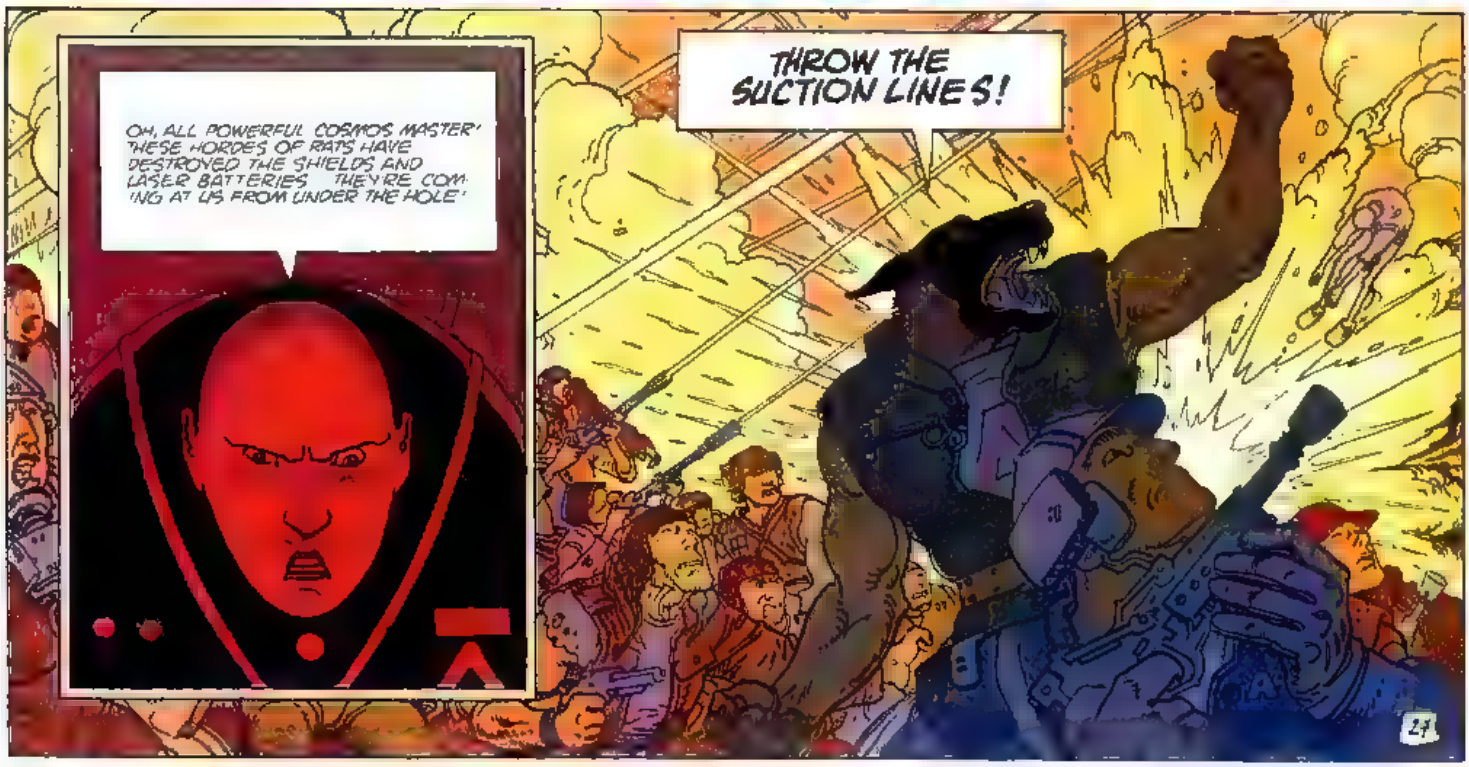

MEANWHILE...
THE REBELS ARE UP TO SOMETHING, CHIEF!
...YEAH! AND HIS MAJOR ORPHIDITE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND WHETHER OR NOT TO CALL THE EMPEROR-ATRIZ!
READY FOR THE NUCLEO-TACTICS?
READY!
OKAY... CONTACT!
GROBOUM!
EVERYTHING'S ROCKING
GYROSCOPES IN POSITION!
DAMN THEM! THEY USED THEIR NUCLEO!
WE'VE BEEN VIOLATED!
EUREKA! WE'VE OPENED A HOLE!
ATTACK!
IN THE NAME OF GOD- CONTINUE TO FILM!
ONE FOR THE AMOK! GO!
ZS


ATTENTION ALL 3-D TELEVISION VIEWERS. TODAY WE ARE ATTENDING A SPECTACULAR FETE. MORE THAN 1,000,000 DEMONSTRATORS HAVE THROWN THEMSELVES INTO THE DRAMATIC GAPING HOLE OPENED BY THE NUCLEO. WE ARE COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE FLYING PALACE
LET'S RAISE THE PALACE AND TAKE SHELTER UP ABOVE!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! OUR GRAVITY UNITS HAVE BEEN DAMAGED IN THE SHOOT-OUT. IF WE DON'T REMAIN ON THE GROUND, LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE WE'LL END UP!
IN THE NAME OF THE BLUE SEDENTARIST CAUSE!
MARCH ON!
ARE YOU IONIST PHALANXES WITH ME?
GODMOTHER! EVERYTHING IS GOING PERFECTLY!
DON'T LET THEM BREATHE!
TIGHTER SHOT OF THIS BOMBING!
ADD A FEW TEARS!
DON'T FORGET THE FAKE BURNS!
MY DEAR TELE-ADDICTS, YOU ARE ONE GROUP, SNIFF, SNIFF, OF LUCKY DOGS- SNUG IN THE CONFINES OF YOUR CONAPTS. THE HORROR IS INDESCRIBABLE... WHAT CAN I SAY... WHAT CAN I SAY...
SNIFF... HERE MEN ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR FREEDOM... THEIR RIGHT TO SURFACE FROM THE UNDERGROUND ONCE AND FOR ALL... THEIR RIGHT TO SELL SPV DRUGS FREELY- NOT THAT WE'RE CONDONING THAT-MIND YOU! AND FRANKLY, THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM TO FIGHT! HUH?
UH, STRIKE THAT LAST LINE. I'M SO OVERWHELMED BY THE CRUELTY AND BLOODSHED THAT I JUST CAN'T GET MY THOUGHTS STRAIGHT. AFTER THIS COMMERCIAL INTERRUPTION OUR CAMERAS WILL TAKE YOU DIRECTLY TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, WHERE THE RIOT IS TAKING PLACE! WE OFF THE AIR? GOOD- BOY, DO I NEED A DRINK!

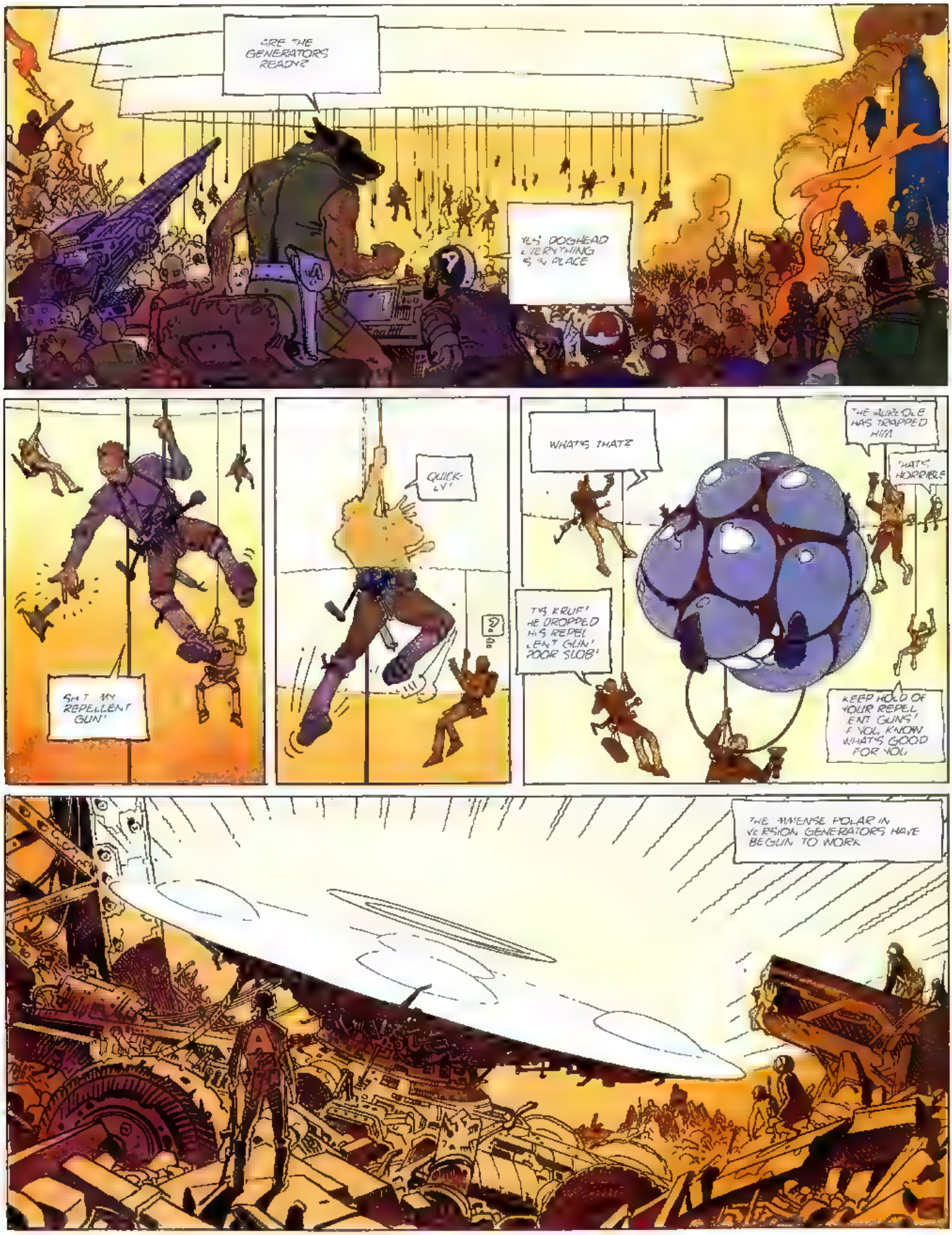

LONG LIVE THE ARIS-TOCRACY!
CRIMINALS!
BASTARDS!
HOOLIGANS!
HOWL HOWL!
WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THE ARISTO-PRISONERS, CHIEF?
IN THE NAME OF DECENCY- CUT OFF THEIR HEADS!
TELL ME, ANDREBER. WHAT IF WE PUT NEW TROOPS ON THIS SIDE?
NO [illegible] SECTOR HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE AMOK. LET'S GO THROUGH THE HOSPITAL MORGUE. IT'S UNDERGROUND AND WE WON'T BOTHER ANY OF THE PATIENTS HA HA

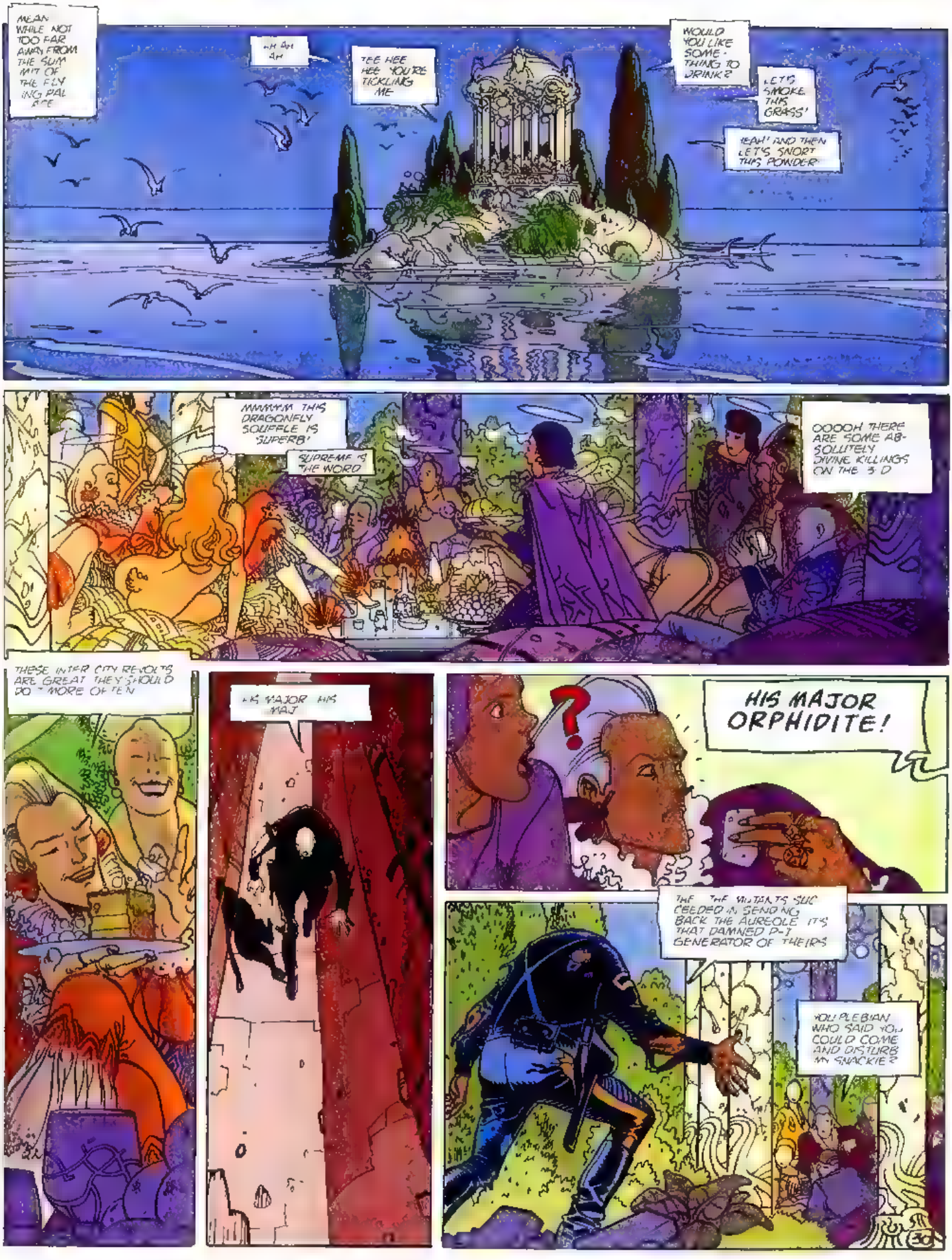

THIS IS ROB-COP 12 AT THE PRESI-DENTIAL PAL ACE
COME IN, CONTROL

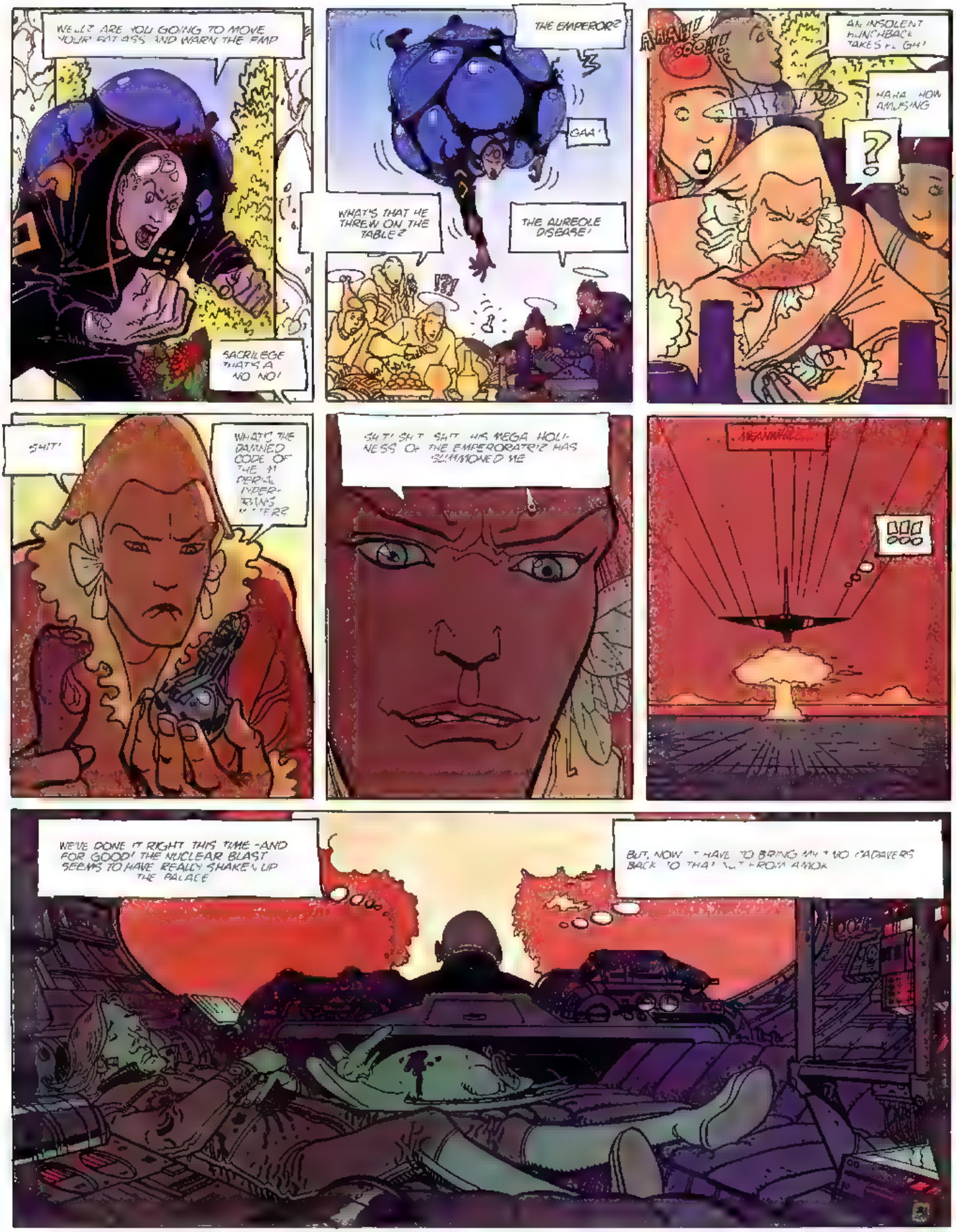

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO. THE ROBCOP STATION HAS BEEN BOMBED
LOOK BY THE HUMP! RED ALERT ON THIS ENTIRE SERIES OF SCREENS!

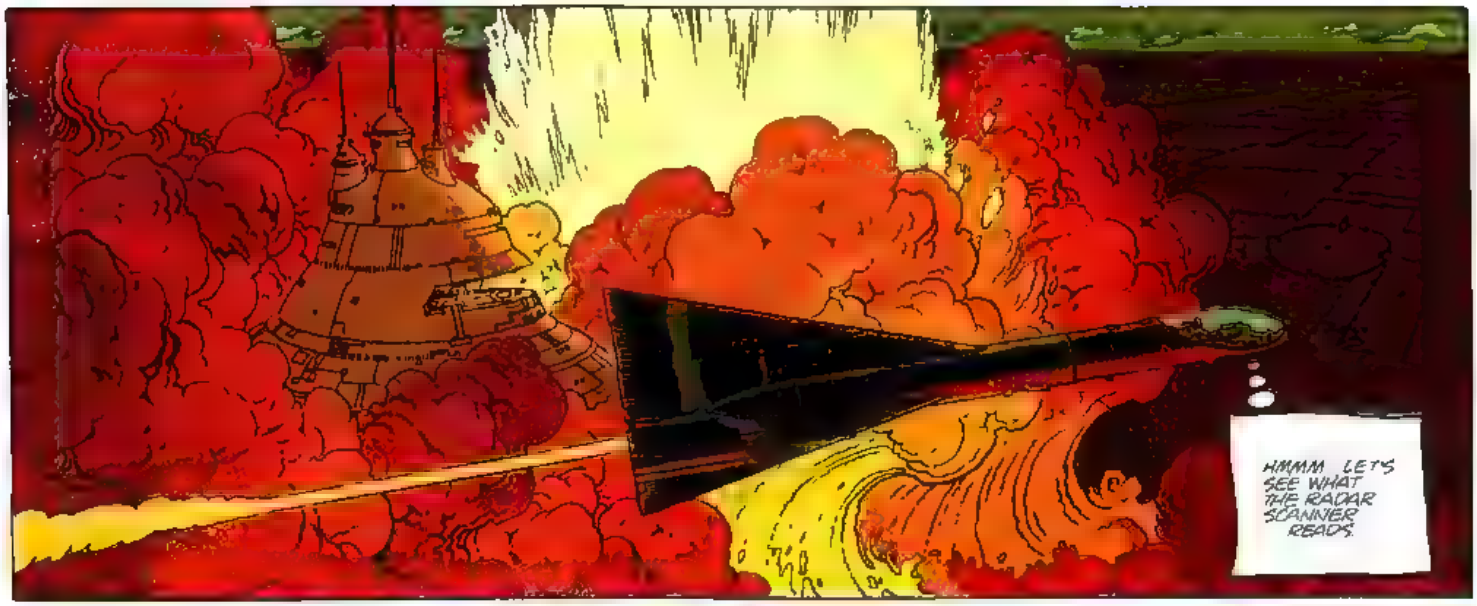

OH, ALL POWERFUL COSMOS MASTER! THESE HORDES OF RATS HAVE DESTROYED THE SHIELDS AND LASER BATTERIES. THEY'RE COMING AT US FROM UNDER THE HOLE!
THROW THE SUCTION LINES!

DAMN THOSE CYBORGS WE'VE BEEN HAD
WHAT'S HAPPENING ORPHEE THINGS GETTING WORSE
ANY THING TO DO IS TO TRIGGER THE WARRIOR WITHIN THE PEOPLE
THE REBELS WOULD BE ATTRACTED
LOOK! THE REBELS ARE DESCENDING
ZGBZZZGB
SHIT! THEY'VE LET THEIR HYPER-AUREOLE LOOSE! WE'RE ALL DONE FOR
BAH
ETS GO
NO LET THEM CONTINUE ON THE AMOA HAS SOMETHING IN STORE FOR THEM
SOLDIERS OF AMOA GET READY FOR ACTION BRING OUT THE INDIVIDUAL ARMATURES!
21

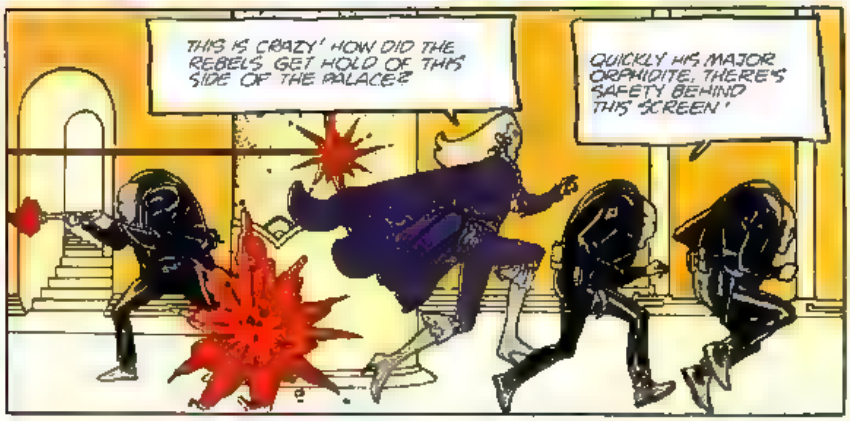

ARE THE GENERATORS READY?
YES DOGHEAD EVERYTHING IS IN PLACE
SHIT MY REPELLENT GUN!
QUICK-LY!
?!
WHAT'S THAT?
THE BLACK HOLE HAS TRAPPED HIM
THAT'S HORRIBLE
IT'S KRUF! HE DROPPED HIS REPELLENT GUN! POOR SLOB!
KEEP HOLD OF YOUR REPELLENT GUNS! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.
THE IMMENSE POLAR INVERSION GENERATORS HAVE BEGUN TO WORK

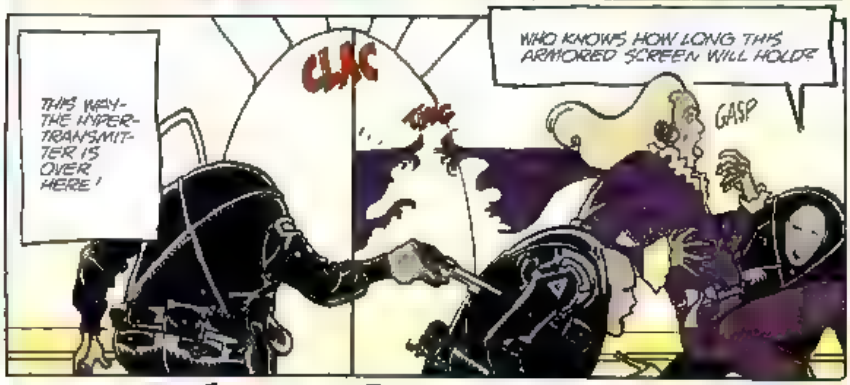

MEAN WHILE NOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM THE SUM MIT OF THE FLY ING PAL ACE
AH AH AH
TEE HEE HEE YOU'RE TICKLIANG ME
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME - THIANG TO DRIANK?
LET'S SMOKE THIS GRASS'
YEAH! AND THEN LET'S SNORT THIS PONDER
MMMMM THIS DRAGONFLY SOUFFLE IS SUPERB'
SUPREME IS THE WORD
OOOOH THERE ARE SOME AB- SOLUTELY DIVINE KILLIANGS ON THE 3-D
THESE INTER CITY REVOLTS ARE GREAT THEY SHOULD DO MORE OFTEN
HS MAJOR HIS MAJ
HIS MAJOR ORPHIDITE!
THE THE VISITANTS SUC CEEDED IN SEND NG BACK THE AUREOLE IT'S THAT DAMNED P-J GENERATOR OF THEIRS
YOU PLEBIAN WHO SAID YOU COULD COME AND DISTURB MY SNACKIE?

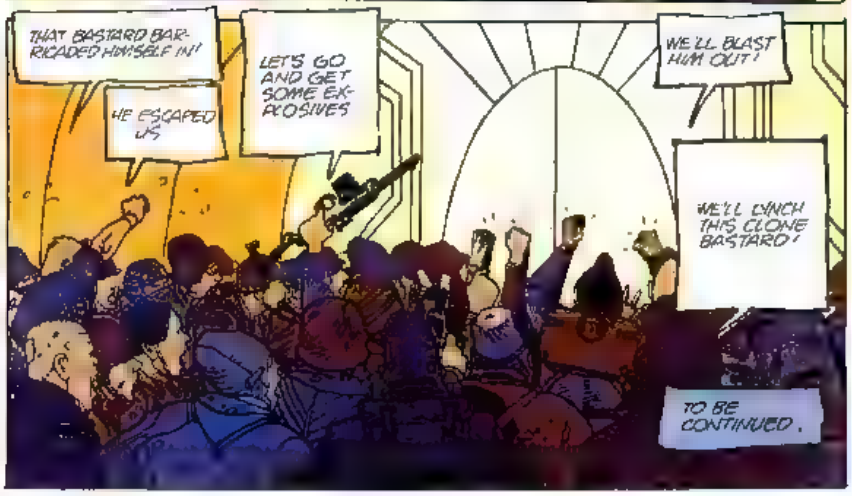

WELL? ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE YOUR FAT ASS AND WARN THE EMP
SACRILEGE THAT'S A NO NO!
THE EMPEROR?
GAA!
WHAT'S THAT HE THREW ON THE TABLE?
THE AUREOLE DISEASE!
AN INSOLENT HUNCHBACK TAKES A LOOK!
HAHA HOW AMUSING
?
SHIT!
WHAT'S THE DAMNED CODE OF THE 31 PERIL INTERGALACTIC WARS
SH*T SH*T SH*T HIS MEGA HOLINESS OF THE EMPERORATRIZ HAS SUMMONED ME
MEANWHILE...
BOOOOOOM
WE'VE DONE IT RIGHT THIS TIME -AND FOR GOOD! THE NUCLEAR BLAST SEEMS TO HAVE REALLY SHAKEN UP THE PALACE
BUT, NOW I HAVE TO BRING MY TWO CADAVERS BACK TO THAT HELL FROM AMOK


HMMM LET'S SEE WHAT THE RADAR SCANNER READS

THERE' A HOLE IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO PASS THROUGH!


THIS IS CRAZY' HOW DID THE REBELS GET HOLD OF THIS SIDE OF THE PALACE?
QUICKLY HIS MAJOR ORPHIDITE, THERE'S SAFETY BEHIND THIS SCREEN'


THIS WAY- THE HYPER-TRANSMIT-TER IS OVER HERE!
CLAC
CLAC
WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THIS ARMORED SCREEN WILL HOLD?
GASP


THAT BASTARD BAR-RICADED HIMSELF IN!
HE ESCAPED US
LET'S GO AND GET SOME EX-PLOSIVES
WE'LL BLAST HIM OUT!
WE'LL LYNCH THIS CLONE BASTARD!
TO BE CONTINUED.

The Third Sexual Revolution: Transcendent Eroticism in the Eighties

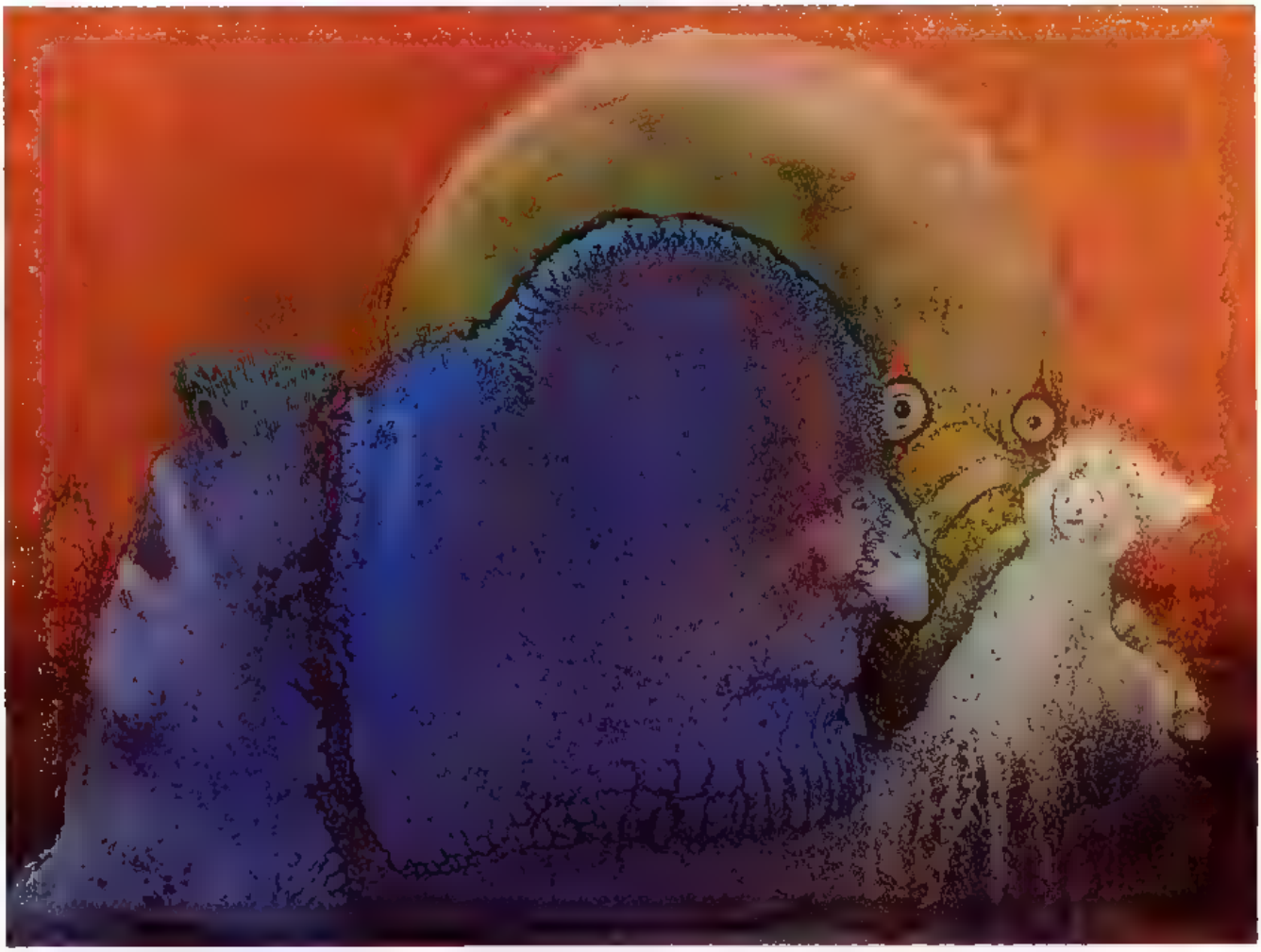


Illustration by Annie Trukell

by David Black

"I forsee the age when we shall be free to accost each other, limited only by common civility . . . It will be an age not perhaps of gold, but at least of glitter . . ."

John Galsworthy, *Maid In Waiting*

The third post-World War II sexual revolution has begun.

The first post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid fifties to the mid-sixties, was a crusade against censorship. Its tone was high-minded. And it was more concerned with the defense of the Constitution, particularly the First Amendment, than with sexual pleasure.

The second post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies, was a guerrilla war against sexual convention and habits. Its tone was practical. And it was concerned with the restructuring of male-female relationships. Hippies claimed that free love and group marriage were psychologically healthy for participants and offspring, and suburban swingers claimed that trading partners fostered intimacy and strengthened marriages.

The third post-war sexual revolution, which started in the mid-seventies despite the Moral Majority, is rallying new forces every day. It is an imperial campaign, setting up colonies in conquered territory. Its tone is neither high-minded nor practical but merely and unabashedly—erotic. It is concerned with heightened sexual arousal. It is playful (or at least apparently playful) and oriented toward couples in a way that the previous revolutions were not.

This orientation toward couples is a result of a new openness to erotica on the part of women, an outgrowth of feminism. "Women are more sexually assertive today," says Dennis Sobin, a sociologist who runs The Adult Business Report, a Washington-based trade

newsletter, which in the two and a half years since it was started has quadrupled its circulation. "Even the mode of dress now—women are really dressing in a provocative way and not worrying about being labeled prostitutes. Women are buying more than ever before in stores like Frederick's of Hollywood. And the trend is not just in big cities like New York or Chicago, but throughout the United States. Also, women have more earning and purchasing power today than ever before. So they're not only becoming interested in erotic boutiques and adult movie theaters, but they have the money to buy."

The customers, who are mostly middle class and in their late twenties to late thirties, were adolescents during the first post-war sexual revolution and young adults during the second. They are free enough from the old taboos to spend their money on erotica openly and hedonistic enough to spend a lot. Sobin estimates that last year Americans spent over $4 billion on sex—and the demand for erotica is rapidly growing. To meet the demand—especially among women, who were loathe to shop in sleazy districts like 42nd Street in New York City, the Combat Zone in Boston, and 14th Street in Washington—clean, attractive, and safe stores selling erotica (everything from baked goods to massage oil) began opening up five to six years ago in fashionable parts of town like New York's Soho and Upper East Side and even in suburban malls like Buckingham Square and Cinderella City in Denver, which both have branches of Frederick's of Hollywood. Department stores, which a decade ago would not touch vibrators, now carry a variety of models as well as X-rated videotapes. Healthy sales can validate almost any industry.

Class is one of the secret ingredients of the new eroticism. Class promises immunity from shame, because shameful feelings about pornography typically have been projected into the sordid milieu surrounding places that sold pornography. Shame has been replaced by a nostalgia for an earlier time when pornography and class were successfully fused and when that fusion seemed—at least in retrospect—innocent: The Victorian Era.

This new generation of erotic lingerie shops can trace their immediate roots back to Frederick's of Hollywood, which shortly after World War II began with missionary zeal redeeming the erotic for the middle class. "When we first opened in 1947," says Frederick Mellinger, the store's founder, "we had a black nightgown that wasn't see-through and that buttoned up to the neck; but because it was black it was a no-no. Black indicated a painted woman. Back then, the only acceptable colors for nightgowns and undergarments were white and beige."

But the new stores are in some ways radically different from Frederick's, which is still male oriented. Stores like New York's Beneath It All sell things that are designed to appeal first to the women and then to the man. "What I design, I design essentially for myself," says Emilie Mills, who has a line of garter belts, panties, thongs, g-strings, and crotchless panties sold exclusively at Beneath It All. "I think the modern woman wants to please herself before she pleases anyone else."

Taking their cue from women, men will begin discovering what they *really* want—not just what they have grown up feeling they ought to want. Role-models for male sexuality will no longer be drawn primarily from locker room myths.

The sex boutique, in safe and clean shopping districts, is another flourishing business. The largest distributor of sex toys in the United States, The Pleasure Chest (which has a huge mailorder business and eight retail outlets), offers about 2,200 different items and makes an estimated yearly profit of $10 million. Such a large stock obviously has items that appeal to the most diverse markets, and many of the things The Pleasure Chest sells are unsavory even by today's tolerant standards. But many things that seemed perverse ten years ago when The Pleasure Chest first opened are no longer taboo. "In 1971 our customers may have been the freakier, the more bizarre people," says Duane Colglazer, founder of The Pleasure Chest, "but slowly it got to be the established thing."

Colglazer agrees with most others in the new erotic businesses that women have legitimized the field. But he also thinks that the new sexual revolution is partly the result of couples staying together more.

The generation that makes up the majority of the new sexual revolutionaries spent their twenties experimenting with casual sex and have learned that novelty is no substitute for intimacy. With someone you know well you can be less guarded and therefore more open to the intensity of feelings, both physical and emotional. "Instead of finding someone else to play around with," returning to the superficialities of casual sex and the dangers of precipitating an unwanted divorce, Colglazer says, "they take toys into the bedroom and play around with each other."

The toys—and the other erotica—can be expensive. A Texan, David Brown, has invented an erotic computer program, Interlude, which offers 127 sexual scenarios for couples to play out, probably the strangest sex toy on the market. As for the most extravagant there is virtually no limit. The ten leading sex magazines sell 16 million copies each month at an annual profit of about $500 million. According to newsdealers, it is not unusual for a regular customer to buy three magazines at about $3 each every week—which is over $450 a year; and some people buy more.

A couple can easily spend twice that a year on X-rated videotapes, which cost $50 to $100 each and make up about 50 percent of the home videotape market, according to David Friedman, president of the Adult Film Association, a Los Angeles-based organization of erotic film producers, distributors, and exhibitors that has 280 members. Of the 100 adult movies made each year in the United States, Friedman estimates almost all end up on videotape. Two of the top ten videotapes sold last year were X-rated *Debbie Does Dallas*, number 6, and *Deep Throat*, number 9. A million American families own videorecorders and this represents a small fraction of the future market. The profitability—and potential profitability—of just this one segment of the sex field can be gauged by a recent investigation the Los Angeles Police Department made into nine distributors of X-rated videotapes, who were selling $2 million worth of cassettes each month, wholesale.

The economic possibilities of the field are finally attracting the attention of the large corporations, which for years had abandoned the sex scene to entrepreneurs who were less fastidious. In one sense, the third post-war sexual revolution is as much a capitalist's dream as a wet dream; the revolution opened up a whole new market—and, as in every new market, the pioneers blazing a trail are quickly followed by the engines of industry.

Department stores like New York's Bloomingdale's have erotic lingerie sections comparable to those in boutiques like Beneath It All. Corporations like Hitachi have entered the vibrator market, which was staked out by Tex Williams, developer of the Prelude 3. MCA has produced a sensual videodisc, "The Touch of Love Massage." And cable companies, which have long resisted X-rated movies, are surrendering their electronic virtue.

In a Columbus, Ohio, poll, 95 percent of those surveyed liked the idea of soft-core pornography on cable, in an Illinois poll, 55 percent wanted X-rated films on cable, in Casper, Wyoming, 2,000 families signed up for a ten-day experiment with X-rated cable; and recently Bob Sumner of Mature Films, one of the leading producers of erotic movies, closed a twenty-picture deal with a Los Angeles cable station, a breakthrough agreement. "The video-cassette, videodisc, and cable television are to X-rated films today what the movie theater was to X-rated films back in the 1970s," Sumner says. After only half a year of services, Sumner's films reached 600,000 cable subscribers, out of a potential market of over 2 million.

But his success—and how attractive it is to bigger corporations—made Sumner nervous. "My biggest concern about the survival of my own company is that I'm going to have to compete against the major studios—which is obviously going to be happening in the next couple of years. Two years ago, Warner Amex joined the Adult Film Association; that was a big step for a major corporation to come into our fold."

Squeezed by the major studios on one side and the growing home market on the other, the 800 full-time and 400 to 500 part-time porn theaters in the United States are in danger of extinction. "The whole idea of porno films playing in an X-rated theater is a contradiction," says Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, a popular sex and satire tabloid, and producer of "Midnight Blue," an erotic cable show that is on sixteen systems nationwide. "It's the wrong place. You get turned on with your girlfriend or wife, and what are you going to do? You're not going to get it on in the movie theater."

The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God.

To lure couples away from their bedrooms full of erotica, theaters will have to offer something not as readily available in the home: live shows.

The trend toward live shows for couples started two or three years ago, about the same time the home videotape market began expanding. At Show World Center, an erotic circus in New York, which has been renovated to make it more attractive, four different live shows have used the same performers for about two years. "Everyone knows all the skits," says Ed Curelli, Show World's manager; "it's become an erotic repertory company. We try to give shows that are comparable to those Off-Broadway or even Broadway. More like 'Oh, Calcutta' or 'Let My People Come.' The quality is definitely upgraded."

The improved quality was the result of a better audience. Over the past few years, more and more middle-class couples—not typical for traditional live shows—began coming to Show World. By last year 5 percent of the house was couples, this year, Curelli says, it is more like 20 percent and often higher.

It is a jump as small as a flash across a synapse from going to a live sex show to going to a sex club like New York's Plato's Retreat to watch; and, according to Larry Levinson, Plato's founder, "Almost everyone who comes down here to watch ends up participating. After the initial shock, you see everyone else having fun, and you're standing there like an idiot. Why not join in?"

Plato's, which was founded five years ago, recently moved into lavish new quarters, a half-harem and half-fast food franchise version of sex. The direct, uncomplicated, no fuss encounters at Plato's fill the same kind of need McDonald's does: how to satisfy appetite with the least amount of trouble. "What we do here, is *nothing*," Levinson says. "Only physical pleasure. No emotion. Emotion is a threat." A threat about 3 million registered swingers in 280 clubs want to avoid.

The threat is a specific emotion, love. Swingers are more virtuous than non-swingers who have secret romantic affairs. In fact swingers are—in their fashion—Puritanical. Eighty-five percent of the people who go to Plato's are either married or living together; and they want to save, not their bodies, but their souls for each other. Most couples go to Plato's to intensify the erotic experience between themselves, they use the other people there as sex toys—inflatable dolls suddenly given the gift of life. The point of Plato's is not so much the experiences that happen there as the shared breaking of taboo.

Because breaking the taboo is the thrill, once couples get used to Plato's, to maintain the thrill they must find other, more dangerous taboos to break. The new eroticism is a slippery slide that leads beyond Plato's to S-M clubs like Club O in New York or, even more extreme, to scenes out of Hieronymous Bosch like New York's Hell Fire Club, named after an 18th century sex club in London, where the merely curious mingle with the intensely involved. At the Hell Fire Club anything can—and does—happen.

What links all elements of this new revolution from erotic cakes to anything-goes clubs—is the trend toward longer foreplay. Lingerie, sex toys, movies, live shows—all extend arousal time; and, historically, extended arousal has been associated with changes in consciousness, transcendent states. "Couples are catching on that there may be, not just a greater variety of erotic diversions available to them than there are, say, for singles who simply meet and have one-night stands, but that there is a lot more to sex itself than what they had previously imagined," says Alex Gross, author of *Beyond Orgasm*, an intensely, even excruciatingly personal book, which plunges into the history and sorcery of sex. "I think many couples sense that something very big—bigger than the West has traditionally assumed—is involved in love-making. Something much larger than Alex Comfort's (author of *The Joy of Sex*) gimmicks and quickies." This larger thing has gone by many names throughout history. In China, it's called Huan Ching Bu. Nao. In the Islam World, Al Imsak. In India, it appears as Tantra. In the Europe of the troubadours, it was referred to as L'Assag. All share with the third post-war sexual revolution delayed gratification and heightened arousal, which lead to what Gross describes as "ultra-orgasmic sex, an entirely new dimension to sex. The main purpose of ultra-orgasmic sex is to reach some kind of merging with forces that appear to be there."

This merging with forces, the transcendence that is brought on by prolonged arousal, satisfies a need that had been going begging in the United States: the need to connect with the infinite. In a secular society, where fewer and fewer people go to church or synagogue and even among those who do, fewer and fewer believe enough to feel connected with an infinite power: this new eroticism offers the consolations of religion.

But, if the new eroticism is to some extent a form of worship, what is being worshipped? Look at any pornographic picture: what is being worshipped is what is between a woman's legs: the source of life. "The iconography of the whole thing goes back to very, very early cultures," says Karen Dwyer, founder of the New York lingerie and mask store, 1001 Nights. "There was always a high priestess. She was It. They worshipped menstrual cycles and women's powers." The Greeks with their cult of Persephone. The Egyptians with their cult of Isis. The Romans with their cult of Cybele, the Phrygian Mother of Gods. The corn goddess. The sacred tree. The masks and feathers, which many sex stores sell, the ritualistic aspect of the new eroticism, the breaking of taboos—all hint that the new sexual revolution promises (or threatens) to return us to the world of the golden bough.

The sexual revolution that is underway is not a mere spasm in mores. It is an eruption of primal images. In the early days of mankind, before people had connected sex with procreation, women were worshipped because they seemed to be solely responsible for the birth of new life. Then, at some point, people realized sex had something to do with the process, and, because men produced the visible seed, it seemed that they, not women (who seemed merely the vessel for the seed), were solely responsible for creating new life. That was the moment when the Female Goddess was overthrown by the Male God—and the beginning of centuries of the subjugation of women. The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God.

Men and women are engaging ancient issues, and naturally it will be expressed sexually. But this revolution—like all revolutions—can be dangerous. People shouldn't conjure up the Devil, unless they can control him. And Western culture as yet has no social form for dealing with the powerful psychological forces being unleashed.

The last time such primal changes occurred, the history of humankind was transformed. The coming transformation will be as great. The future of this third post-war sexual revolution is the future of civilization.

Part 1 of THE THIRD SEXUAL REVOLUTION followed eroticism from pornography to transcendence—from the marketplace to the temple. And it found, in the temple, the shadow of the Great Goddess.

Part 2 (July 1982) will examine manifestations of the Great Goddess first, in the heroic woman, and second, in the sexual priestess.

Part 3 (September 1982) will track the secret tradition of sexual transcendence back through history to it source.

David Black is an award-winning journalist. His novel Like Father *and his biography of August Belmont,* The King of Fifth Avenue, *were both chosen as Notable Books of the Year by* The New York Times. *His new novel* Minds *will be published this spring.*

DEN II
CHUK!
When last we read Lord told Tarn that he too was held prisoner by the Dramites Prisoner maybe but he was treated like royalty! Once again Den was unable to deal with Earthlings and high-tailed it back to Neverwhere
SQUAGH
Thank you my friend
GURGLE GLUK!
But there is no parchment
GLUB GLUG BUBBLE
No secret passa—?
SCRRAAAUGH!

SKIT
SKIT
SKIT
SKITTER

Mueta

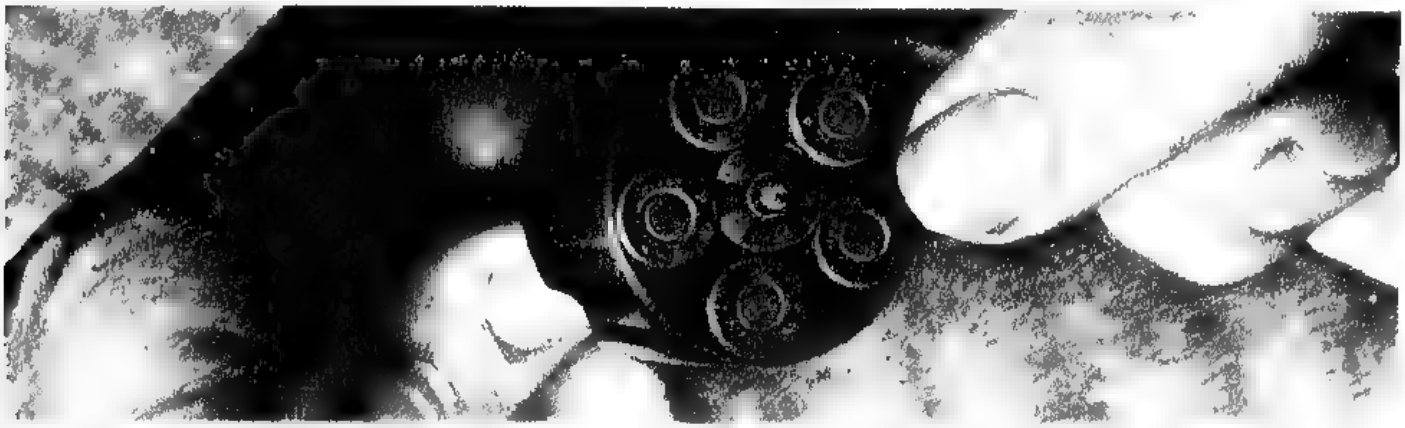
To be continued

THREE MEN ARE SENT TO INVESTIGATE AN UNKNOWN OBJECT CRASHED IN THE DESERT IN BARCELONA. VICTOR RAMOS GOES SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING AND RETURNS WITH A GUN

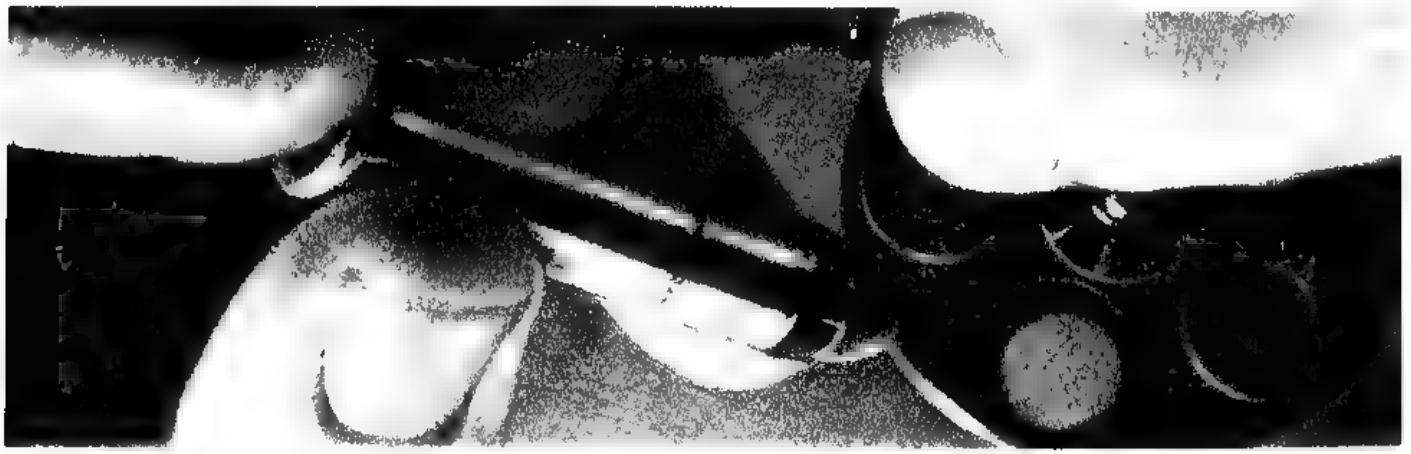
"THIS REVOLVER WHICH I DIDN'T SEEK OUT AND WHICH IN MY HEART I NEVER WISHED FOR GIVES ME NO PLEASURE WHATSOEVER AND SHAPES WITH ITS ESSENCE A PART OF MY LIFE IF THIS ISN'T TRUE THEN NEWTON'S LAWS AS WELL ARE NOT CERTAIN BECAUSE I AM A MAN, AND CONSEQUENTLY, RATIONAL AND ECONOMICAL"

NOVA 2

"AS ONE WHO IS RATIONAL I CAN'T PERMIT WHAT MUST ONLY BE A MIDDLE TO BECOME AN END AND I KNOW THAT AN INSTRUMENT IS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO ITS WORK"

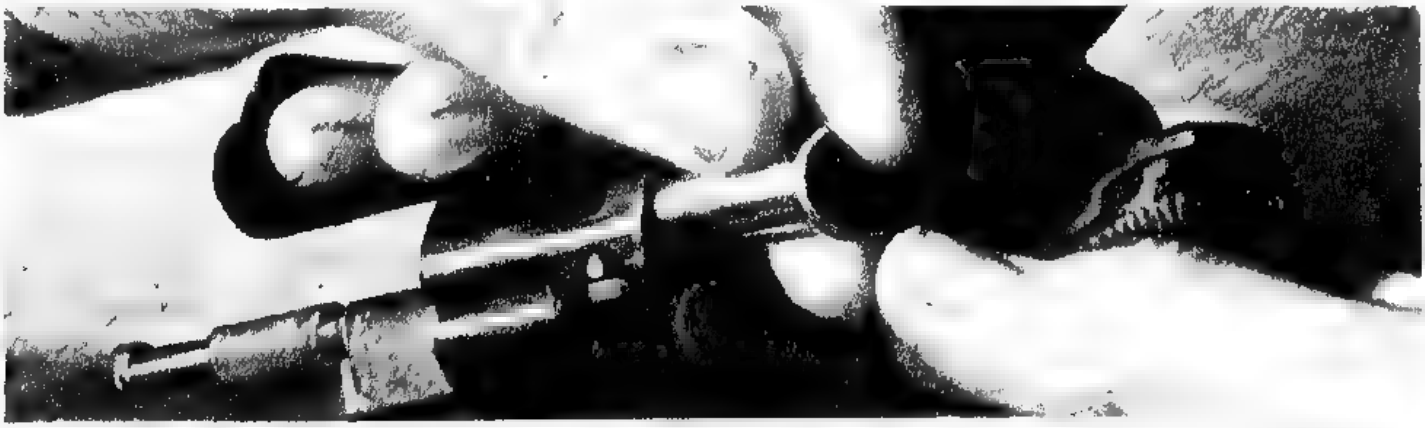


"AS ONE WHO IS ECONOMICAL I AM UNABLE TO TOLERATE THE EXPENSE OF A SACRIFICE OF THE HEART UNLESS, WITHOUT WAITING IT BRINGS SOME RESULT"



"GUNS ARE NSTRUMENTS OF DEATH AND GOVERNMENTS ALLOW THEIR PEOPLE TO MANUFACTURE AND BUY THEM KNOWING FULL WELL THAT A GUN HAS NO OTHER USE BUT TO TAKE SOMEONE'S LIFE ."

" BUT NOW THIS GUN IS MINE . IT'S LOADED . IT'S READY FOR ANYONE - OR RATHER ANY*THING* BUT HOW WILL IT BE USED?"



"THERE CAN BE NO MORE THAN TWO POSS.BILITIES TO MAKE OTHERS MY TARGET, OR TO FIRE IT AGAINST MY OWN HEAD OR MY OWN HEAD."

"I DISCARD THE FIRST POSSIBILITY. I DON'T BELIEVE I WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO USE THIS GUN ON ANYONE ELSE, EVEN IF THEY WERE THE MOST LOATHSOME DOGS ON EARTH."

"BESIDES, IT IS THE GOVERNMENT THAT CONTROLS THE LAW AND DISPENSES JUSTICE. IT'S A BRAVE THING TO LOSE ONE'S LIBERTY DEFENDING THE FREEDOM OF OTHERS."

"THAT LEAVES THE OTHER POSSIBILITY. A SHAME THAT IT HASN'T PRESENTED ITSELF TO ME UNTIL TODAY."

"IT'S A SUBJECT I OUGHT TO HAVE CONSIDERED EARLIER IN MY LIFE, EVEN AS A BOY. IT WOULD'VE BEEN POSSIBLE

ACTUALLY IN MY CASE I HAVE NO STRONG REASON TO TAKE MY OWN LIFE I AM NOT DYING OF HUNGER I AM NO MORE BORED THAN ANYONE ELSE I AM THIN I HAVEN'T BEEN REJECTED BY A WOMAN PERHAPS BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD THE LOVE OF ANY WOMAN

"BUT IS A REASON TO DO IT NECESSARY? LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER—"

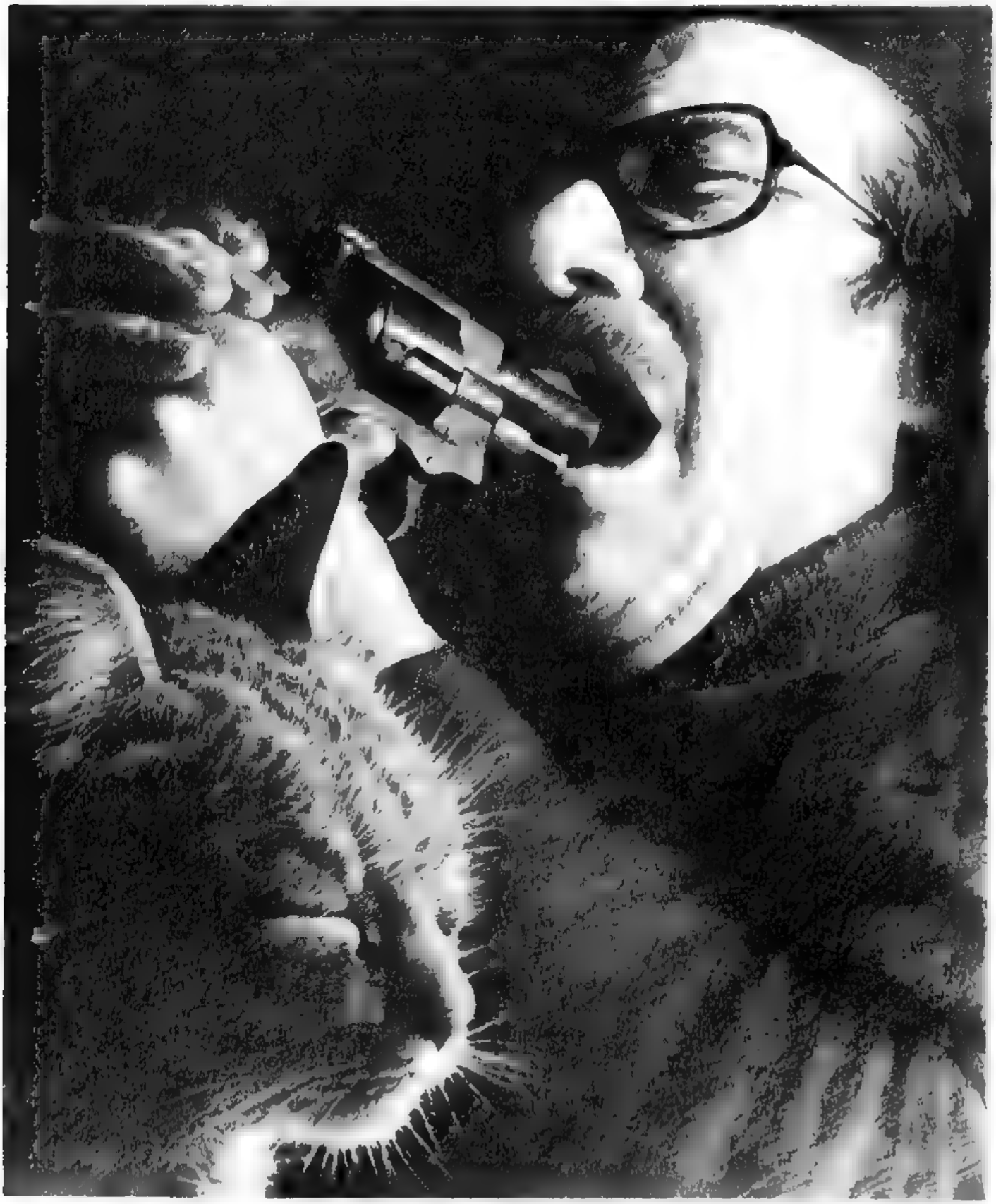
WHEN ONE HAS AN IMPORTANT REASON SUICIDE SEEMS LOGICAL AND NATURAL KILLING ONESELF FOR A GOOD REASON, THOUGH ISN'T A SUBLIME THING—IT'S A FALL A FALL INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT AND THE ULTIMATELY TRUTHFUL SUICIDE VICTIM WILL BE THE ONE WHO PONDERS HIS LIFE ANALYTICALLY AND OBJECTIVELY AND KILLS HIMSELF IN COMPLETE FREEDOM FOR THE SIMPLE REASON OF DECIDING TO DO SO."

"BESIDES, OLD AGE IS FAR WORSE THAN DEATH , AND DEATH WILL COME ANYWAY, AND BY THEN BE MUCH MORE TERRIBLE. IS IT NOT BETTER TO ANSWER THE CALL WHILE IN THE FULLNESS OF LIFE SEIZING IT WITH ONE'S OWN HANDS INSTEAD OF LIVING TO FEAR IT DAY AFTER DAY? IS IT NOT BETTER TO BE A HERO IN A SINGLE MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE TRUTHFULLY AND SPIRITUALLY FREE?"

"I MUST FIND OUT IF I'M MISTAKEN, AND IF, IN THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES I CAN EFFECTIVELY AND REALLY KILL MYSELF."

VICTOR RAMOS FELT, FORESAW, AND RESOLVED THAT IT WAS NECESSARY TO DO IT. HE PALED AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER FORCEFULLY

NOTHING. SILENCE. NO REBOUND. NO SHOT. NOTHING FELL. HE WAITED IN VAIN FOR TWO OR THREE SECONDS. WHAT HAD HAPPENED? THE TRIGGER HADN'T MOVED, AND FOR ALL THE EFFORT HE HAD MADE WITH HIS TREMBLING THUMB, THE GUN DID NOT FIRE

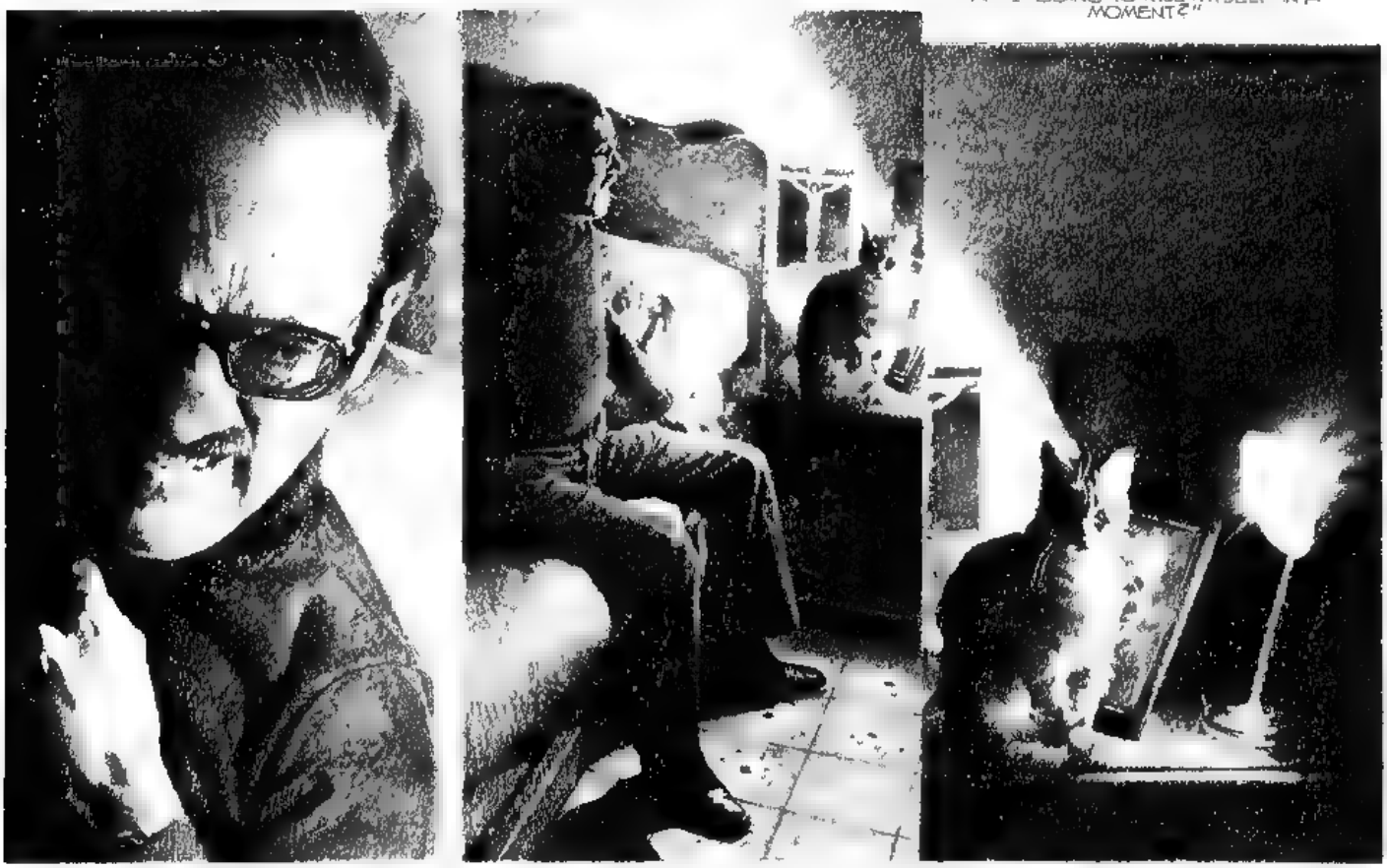


FOR THREE OR FOUR MINUTES HE WAS ABSORBED AS THOUGH TOTALLY WRAPPED IN A MECHANICAL GAME. FORGETTING COMPLETELY THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH HE HAD PUT THAT METAL OBJECT IN HIS HANDS

"OH TO HELL WITH EVERYTHING!"

"AND I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF?"

"AM I GOING TO KILL MYSELF IN A MOMENT?"



THAT ABSURD MISFIRING OF THE MALFUNCTIONING PISTOL HAD TOTALLY TRANSFORMED THE WORLD. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS SUDDENLY REJUVENATED. HE LEFT HIS HOUSE

THE CITY BEGAN TO COME ALIVE. HE TOOK A LONG WALK. THINKING ABOUT HIS LIFE AND FEELING THE JOY OF HIS BLOOD AS IT CIRCULATED WARMLY THROUGHOUT HIS LIMBS. VICTOR RAMOS REMEMBERED THE SONG "NOWHERE MAN" BY THE BEATLES, AND SANG IT TO HIMSELF THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DAY

TO BE CONTINUED

GALLERY:

THE ART OF
DE ES SCHWERTBERGER

by Jeff Goldberg

Time portals beckoning from primeval forests, giant monoliths floating weightlessly above gray limitless landscapes, ponderous rock-encrusted figures with faces like Easter Island totems conspiring in silence or huddled under the oppressive weight of their own gravity. This is the mysterious universe of De Es Schwertberger. It's a universe familiar to European art audiences and to readers of *Omni* magazine, where his work has appeared regularly since 1979. But while some may find these floating stones and massive frozen figures alien and strange, De Es himself does not. "All ancient cultures tell us their stories through stone," he explains. "I'm simply trying to use the same language to tell our story. I'm obsessed with stone and light. They're really the same thing. Stone is just solidified light, vibration slowed down so it doesn't move anymore."

A squat, muscular man in a rumpled blue sweatsuit, reclining on a giant gray pillow in his spacious Manhattan studio, De Es bears a slight resemblance to the hulking phantasms he paints. Jagged bits of stone and crystal and a book on the Bermuda Triangle are spread on the coffee table beside him.

"I like to paint stones and figures which levitate and float freely because I like to violate the laws of nature," he says with a thick Viennese accent. "Our universe is a matter of agreement. We agree that stones can't fly. I say they *can*.

"I believe there actually are places on earth like the Bermuda Triangle, where the laws of gravity don't apply. I was in Oregon recently and visited a place called the Oregon Vortex. It's an area about fifty yards in diameter where strange things happen. People change in size—often two to three inches—stones roll uphill. No one knows why. It's like a place from one of my paintings."

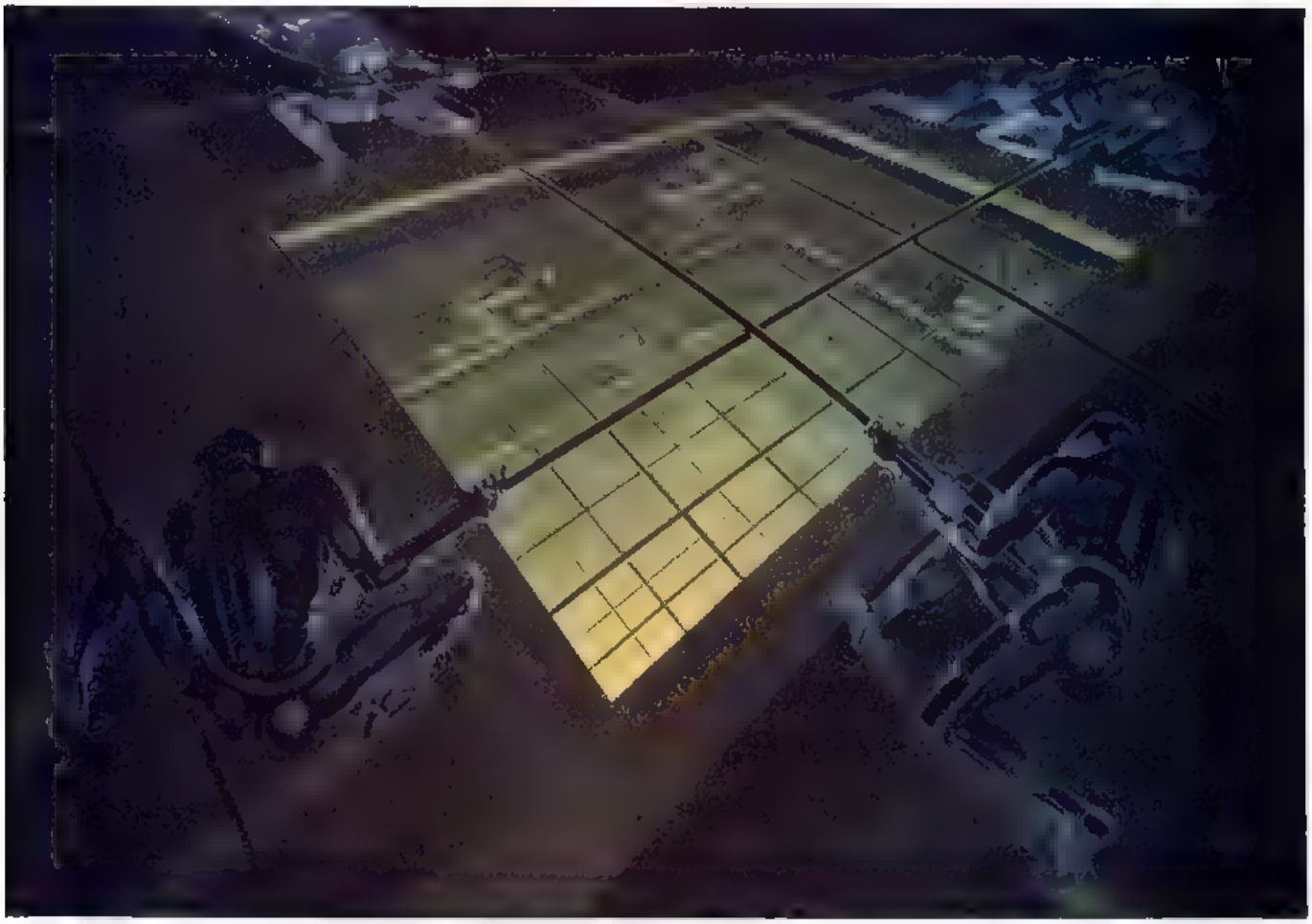
Propped against the walls of his studio are a dozen huge (80" x 80") canvases, the first of a series of 100 paintings he envisions finishing over the next five years. He plans to call the project "The Hall of Transformation" and exhibit all one hundred in a big, circular room entered from below.

"Often when I'm working intensely, weird things start to happen. De Es points to a giant figure consumed in flames. "When I was painting that, the basement caught fire. But that's just a sign that you're on to something."

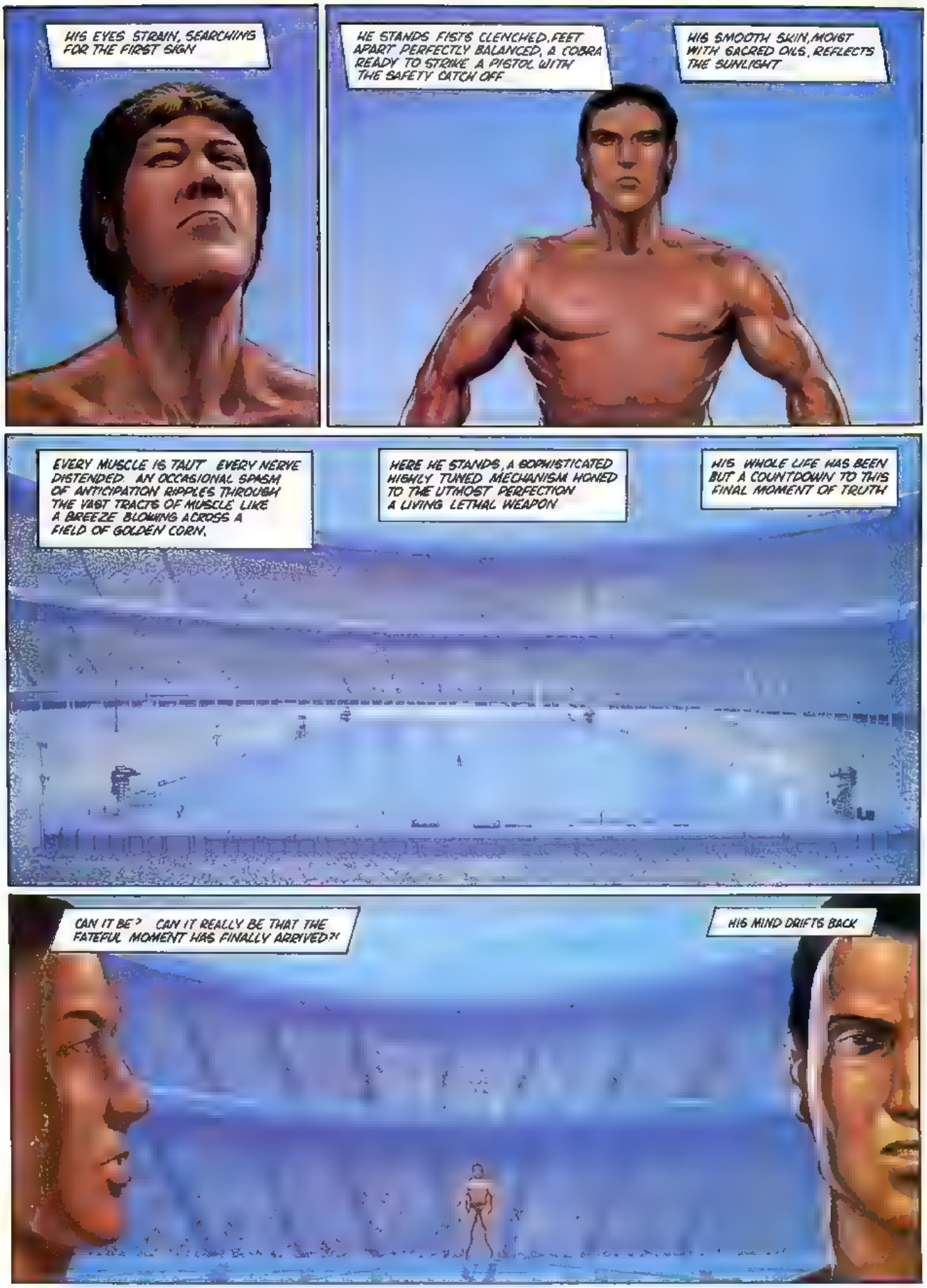
De Es Schwertberger has been on to something for the last two decades. Born in Gresten, Austria, in 1942, he developed his style in his twenties, influenced by Goya, Dali, and the Viennese School of Fantastic Realism. He's had numerous shows in European galleries, including a 1971 exhibition with H. R. Giger, with whom De Es feels a close kinship. "Giger, myself, and a few others," he believes, "represent a new school of painting—the International School of Transformative Art. People are changed by our work. There's nothing intellectual about it. I like strong images that stab you with a knife. The viewer doesn't have to understand anything about art to appreciate it."

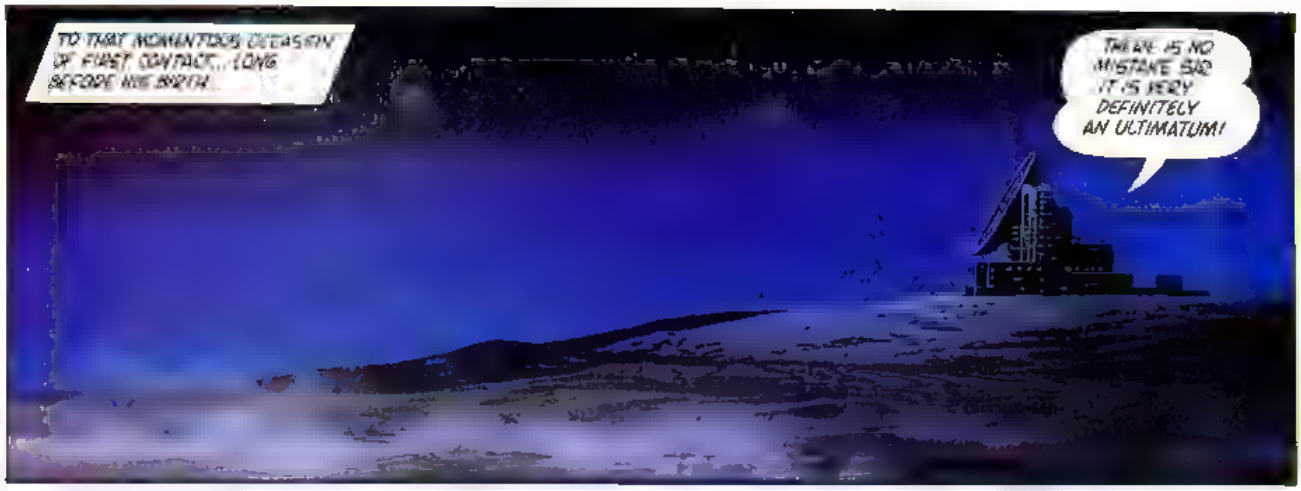
He moved to New York in 1974, and his unique talent was quickly recognized by the editors of *Omni*. Though he still considers himself an "underground phenomenon" here, his reputation in the U.S as a creator of mysteriously beautiful paintings is beginning to catch up to his fame in Europe and De Es along with a number of other transformative artists will be represented in a group show at New York's Graham Gallery in May.

Though the monstrosities and marvels he paints invite comparisons to the work of prominent science fiction writers, De Es good-naturedly rejects the sf label "I'm not a science-fiction painter," he laughs "I'm an Old Master of the New Age." While the old Old Masters employed their skills to create a third dimension on flat canvases, this Old Master, writes one critic, has "transcended his role as an artist to become an explorer." De Es Schwertberger is an explorer of the fourth, fifth, and other dimensions the dimensions of myth and mystery, of outer and inner worlds, of light and stone

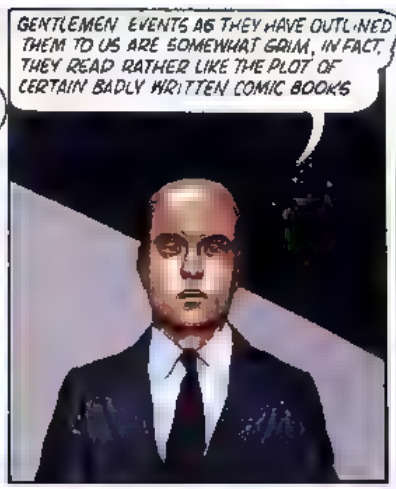


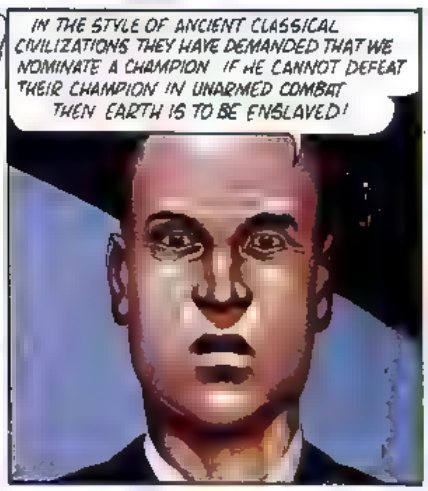
HE STANDS LIKE A ROCK ATOP THE FIRM FOUNDATION ON WHICH IS BUILT THE VALUES OF AN ENTIRE WORLD HE IS THE
SUPERHERO
MOST BITS BY ANGUS MCKIE
OTHER BITS BY ALAN CRADDOCK
THE EYES OF MILLIONS ARE UPON HIM
THE FATE OF MILLIONS HANGS IN THE BALANCE...
© JUNIOR PRINT OUTPUT


HIS EYES STRAIN, SEARCHING FOR THE FIRST SIGN
HE STANDS FISTS CLENCHED, FEET APART PERFECTLY BALANCED, A COBRA READY TO STRIKE A PISTOL WITH THE SAFETY CATCH OFF
HIS SMOOTH SKIN, MOIST WITH SACRED OILS, REFLECTS THE SUNLIGHT
EVERY MUSCLE IS TAUT EVERY NERVE DISTENDED. AN OCCASIONAL SPASM OF ANTICIPATION RIPPLES THROUGH THE VAST TRACTS OF MUSCLE LIKE A BREEZE BLOWING ACROSS A FIELD OF GOLDEN CORN.
HERE HE STANDS, A SOPHISTICATED HIGHLY TUNED MECHANISM HONED TO THE UTMOST PERFECTION A LIVING LETHAL WEAPON
HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN BUT A COUNTDOWN TO THIS FINAL MOMENT OF TRUTH
CAN IT BE? CAN IT REALLY BE THAT THE FATEFUL MOMENT HAS FINALLY ARRIVED?!
HIS MIND DRIFTS BACK


TO THAT MOMENTOUS OCCASION OF FIRST CONTACT... LONG BEFORE HIS BIRTH...
THERE IS NO MISTAKE SAID IT IS VERY DEFINITELY AN ULTIMATUM!

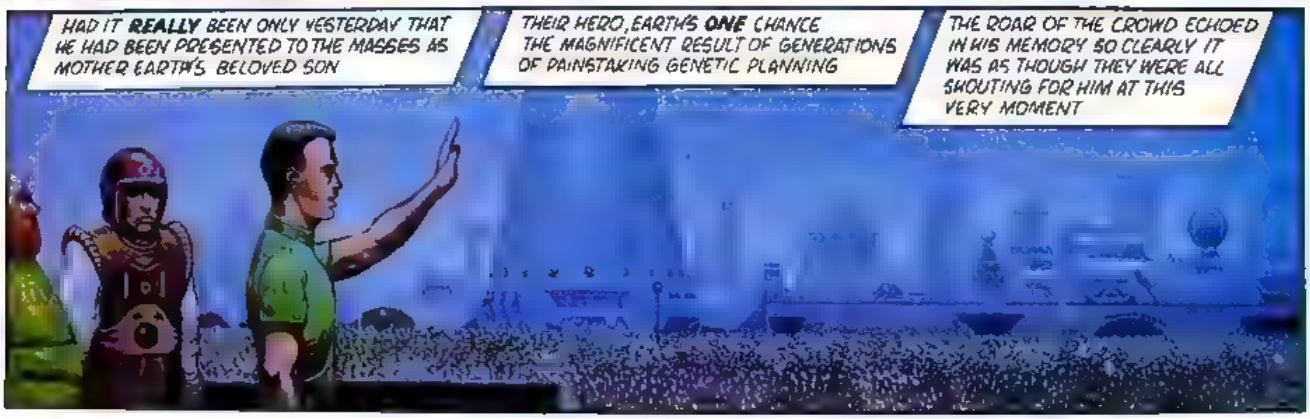
AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF A TOP LEVEL U.N SELECT COMMITTEE
THEY'RE HUMANOID. LIKE OURSELVES BUT, BRACE YOURSELVES. THEY'RE **HOSTILE.**


GENTLEMEN EVENTS AS THEY HAVE OUTLINED THEM TO US ARE SOMEWHAT GRIM, IN FACT, THEY READ RATHER LIKE THE PLOT OF CERTAIN BADLY WRITTEN COMIC BOOKS


IN THE STYLE OF ANCIENT CLASSICAL CIVILIZATIONS THEY HAVE DEMANDED THAT WE NOMINATE A CHAMPION IF HE CANNOT DEFEAT THEIR CHAMPION IN UNARMED COMBAT THEN EARTH IS TO BE ENSLAVED!

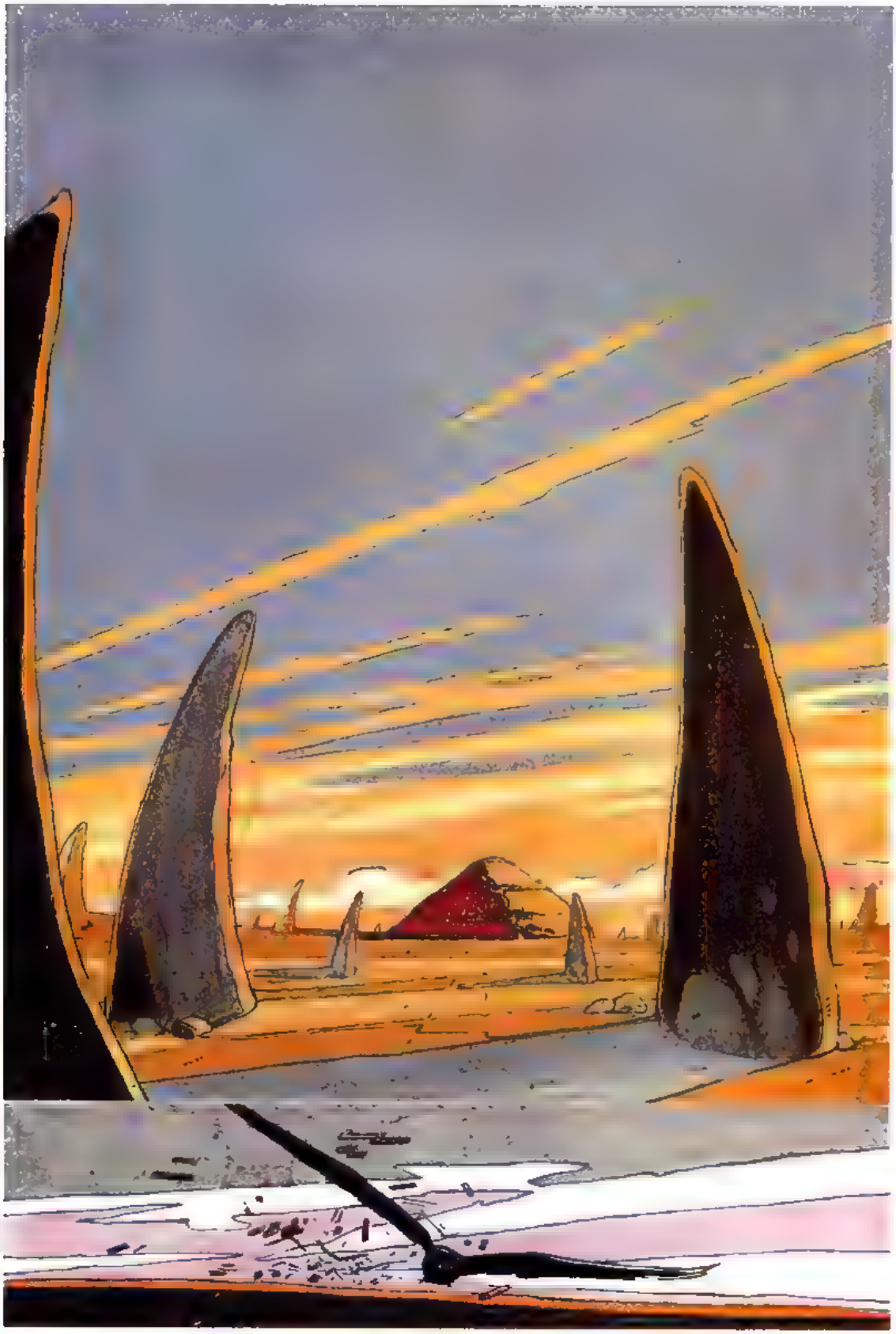
GENTLEMEN, PLANET EARTH HAS FIFTY YEARS IN WHICH TO BREED THE **ULTIMATE WARRIOR**

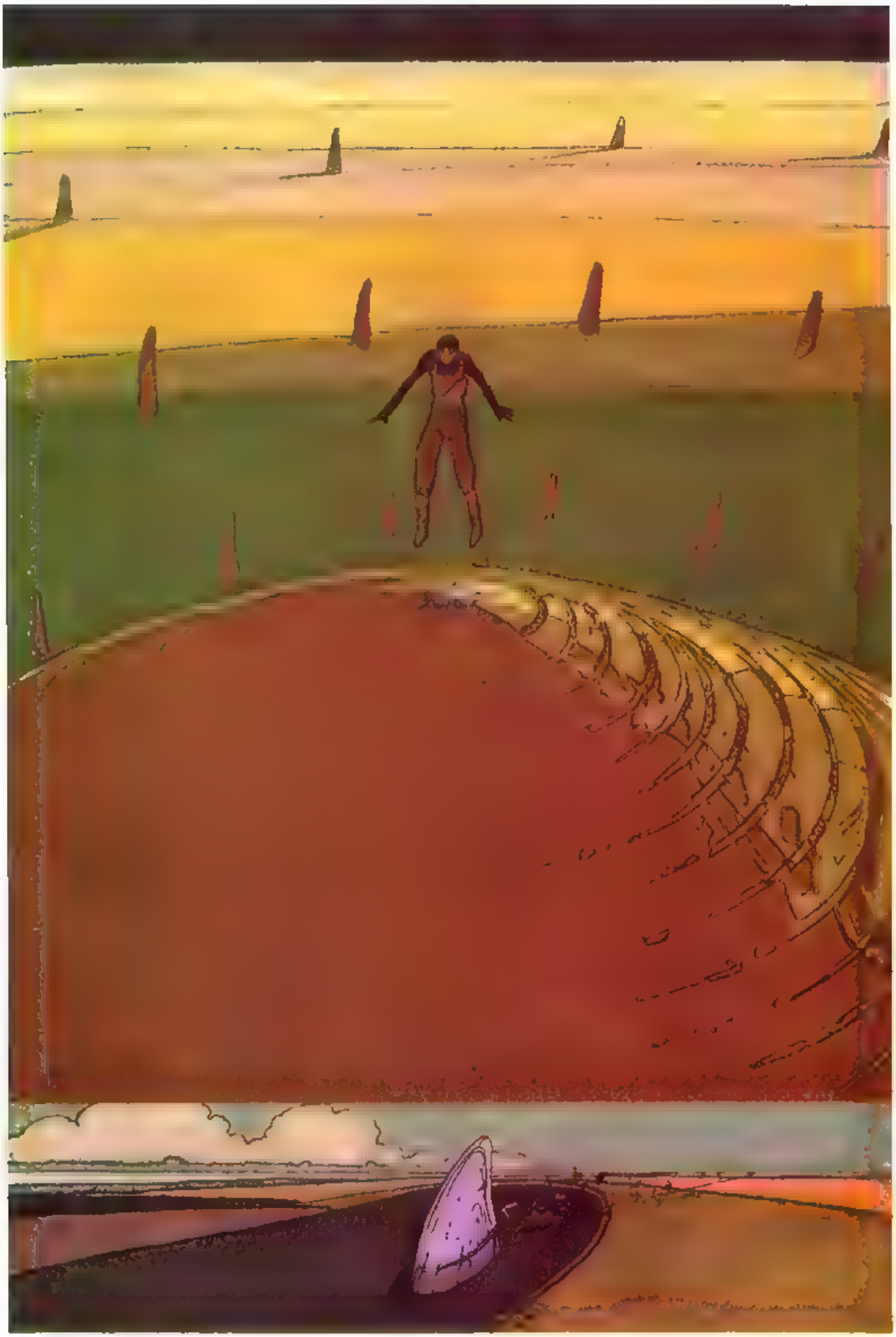
HE RECALLED THE WIZENED FACE OF THE GREAT ELDER OF THE HIGH COUNCIL AS HE RELATED THIS AMAZING STORY AND REVEALED TO HIM THE AWESOME PURPOSE OF A **LIFETIME** OF SAVAGE GRUELLING TRAINING
HAD THAT **REALLY** BEEN ONLY **YESTERDAY?!**


HAD IT **REALLY** BEEN ONLY YESTERDAY THAT HE HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO THE MASSES AS MOTHER EARTH'S BELOVED SON
THEIR HERO, EARTH'S **ONE** CHANCE THE MAGNIFICENT RESULT OF GENERATIONS OF PAINSTAKING GENETIC PLANNING
THE ROAR OF THE CROWD ECHOED IN HIS MEMORY SO CLEARLY IT WAS AS THOUGH THEY WERE ALL SHOUTING FOR HIM AT THIS VERY MOMENT

INHUMAN EYES GAZE UPON PLANET EARTH- THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED.
WE ARE HERE THE APPOINTED PLACE THE APPOINTED TIME OPEN THE HATCHES
EARTH'S MOMENT OF RECKONING IS AT HAND! WHERE IS YOUR MIGHTY CHAMPION?
THE DUMB SHIT! WE TRIED TO TELL HIM TO MOVE, BUT HE WAS DAYDREAMING

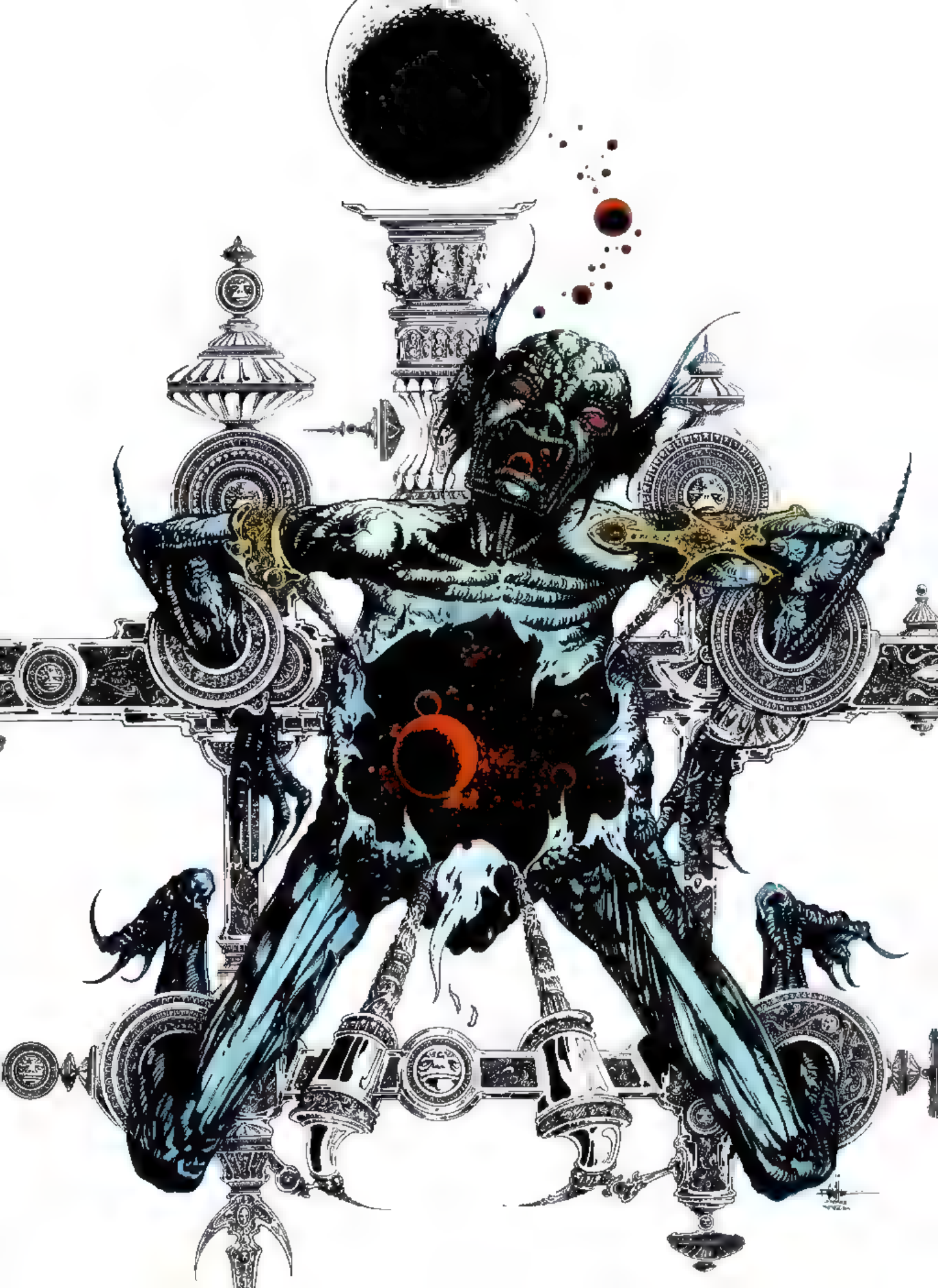
AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA
LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS LEAVING CYMBIOLA NORTH HOPING TO RID HERSELF OF THE MAD MAN WITH HIS COMPANION BIRD. SHE IS NOW NOWHERE TO BE FOUND
the legend. the important elements
the wings, which unroll themselves from a central point and spread to their maximum length, are considered a cyclic symbol of fertility and evolution within a vast matrix of never-never lands. the figure connected to the wings is imbued with extraordinary nebulas and simple creepers, styled with the symmetry of certain seashells
according to tradition, many of the stupendous powers of rejuvenation accompanying the wings are brought on by various precious stones which have been neutralized by gravity
DEAR READER:
FRANKLY WE FEEL THE GLORY OF FLIGHT CAN BE INDUCED WITH A LITTLE LUCK AND A GOOD TAIL WIND BUT WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH TRADITION?

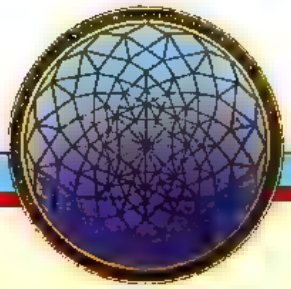




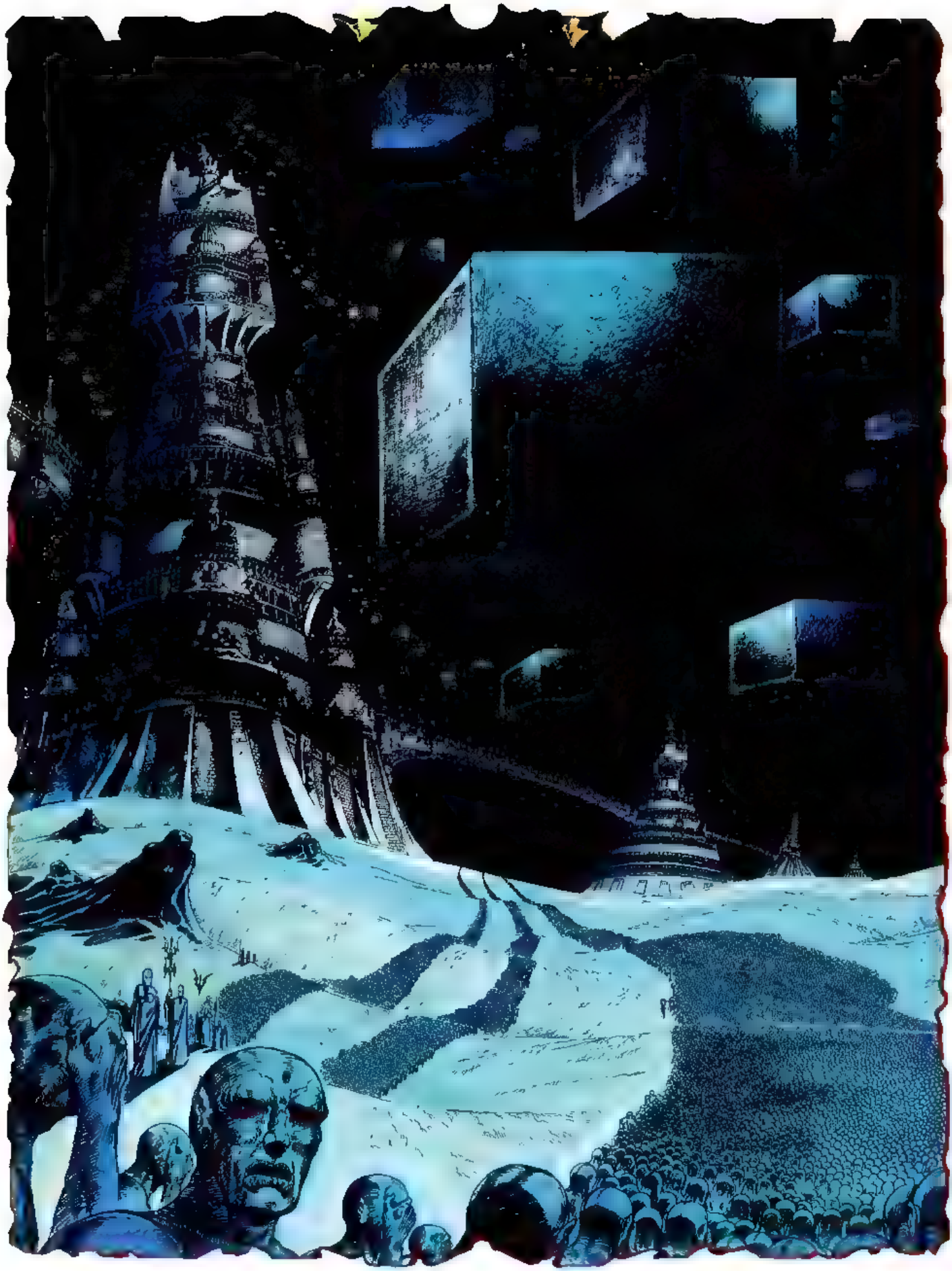
TO BE CONTINUED

RAGAEZ
THE SERPENTS AND SIRENS ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE SLAG HEAP. MEDUSA IN THE HELIUM AND THE METAMORPHIC SONGS OF THE ANGELS IN VOLCANOS MAMMON AND LEVIATHAN.
THE SYLPHS AND THE SALAMANDER. THE AGE, THE SLIME, THE ASHES, THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE FOREST OF PIECES. ACHERON AND THE ETERNAL CONFLAGRATION OF FIRE SPREAD BY THE SATELLITES OF MOLOCH.
IMAGINE THE TIME!





THE UNUTTERABLE MATERIAL OF TIME KEEPS WITHIN ITS DARKEST FOLDS THE SECRETS OF MANY A POWERFUL CITY WHOSE NAMES SHONE OVER THE EARTH BEFORE FLOUNDERING UNDER THE NIGHT AND WITHIN THE LONG GENERATING SLEEP WHEN THE OCEANS BOILED TO THE SOUND OF THE GIANTS' RUMBLING BREATH AND IN THE SLENDER REIGNS OF SUMERIA, BABYLON OR BYZANTIUM, THERE WAS NO GREATER GLORY THAN THAT OF CEMEROON··· CEMEROON··· BORN OF THE SPORT OF GODS AND MEN UNITING THEIR INNUMERABLE THOUGHTS IN ONE SOUL···CEMEROON··· MADE OF BASALT, PORPHYRY, MARBLE OF METEORS RAISED IN MAD TOWERS WHICH GROPED THE SKY WHERE THERE STILL STALKED THE CLOUDS OF BIRTH···

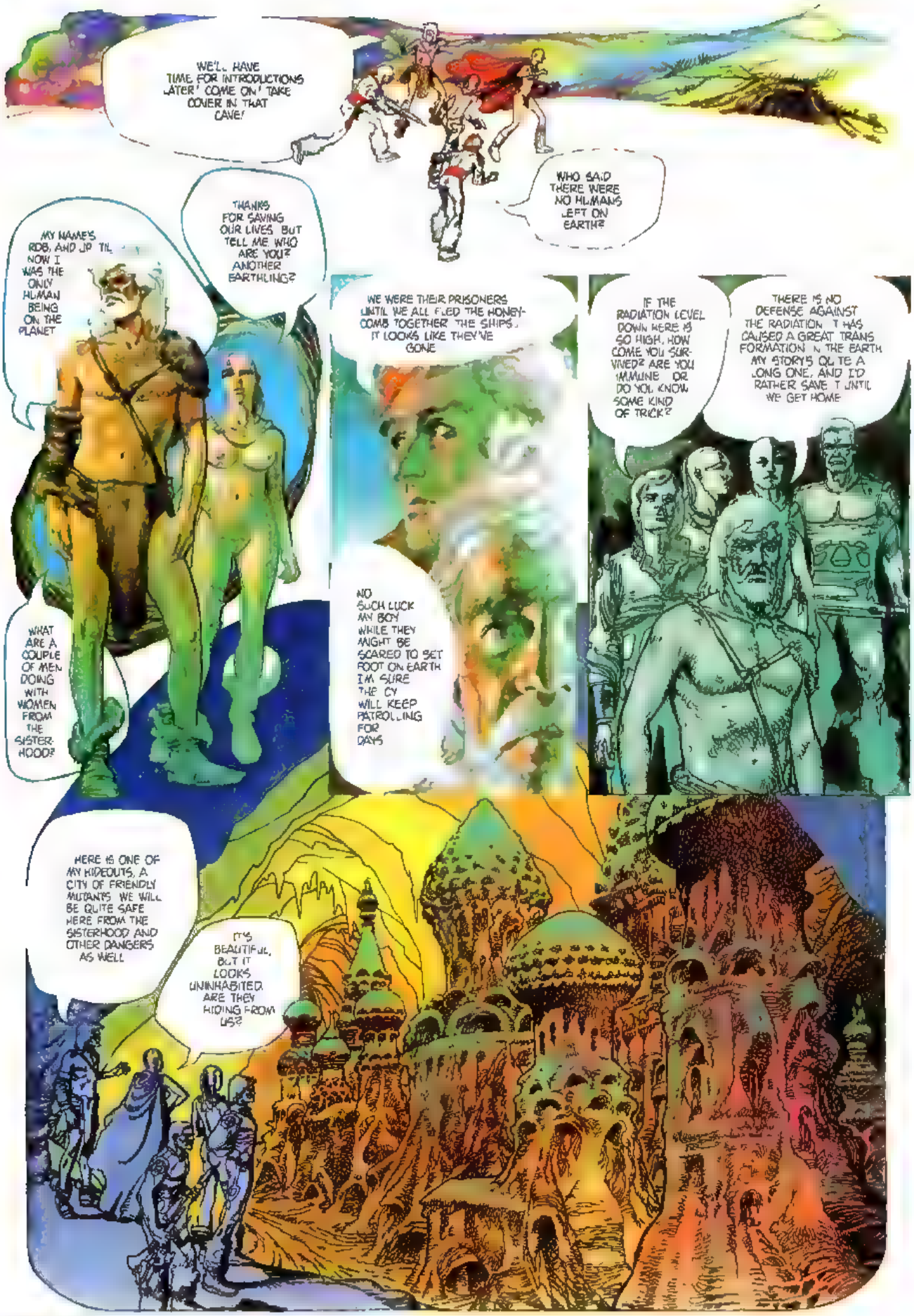


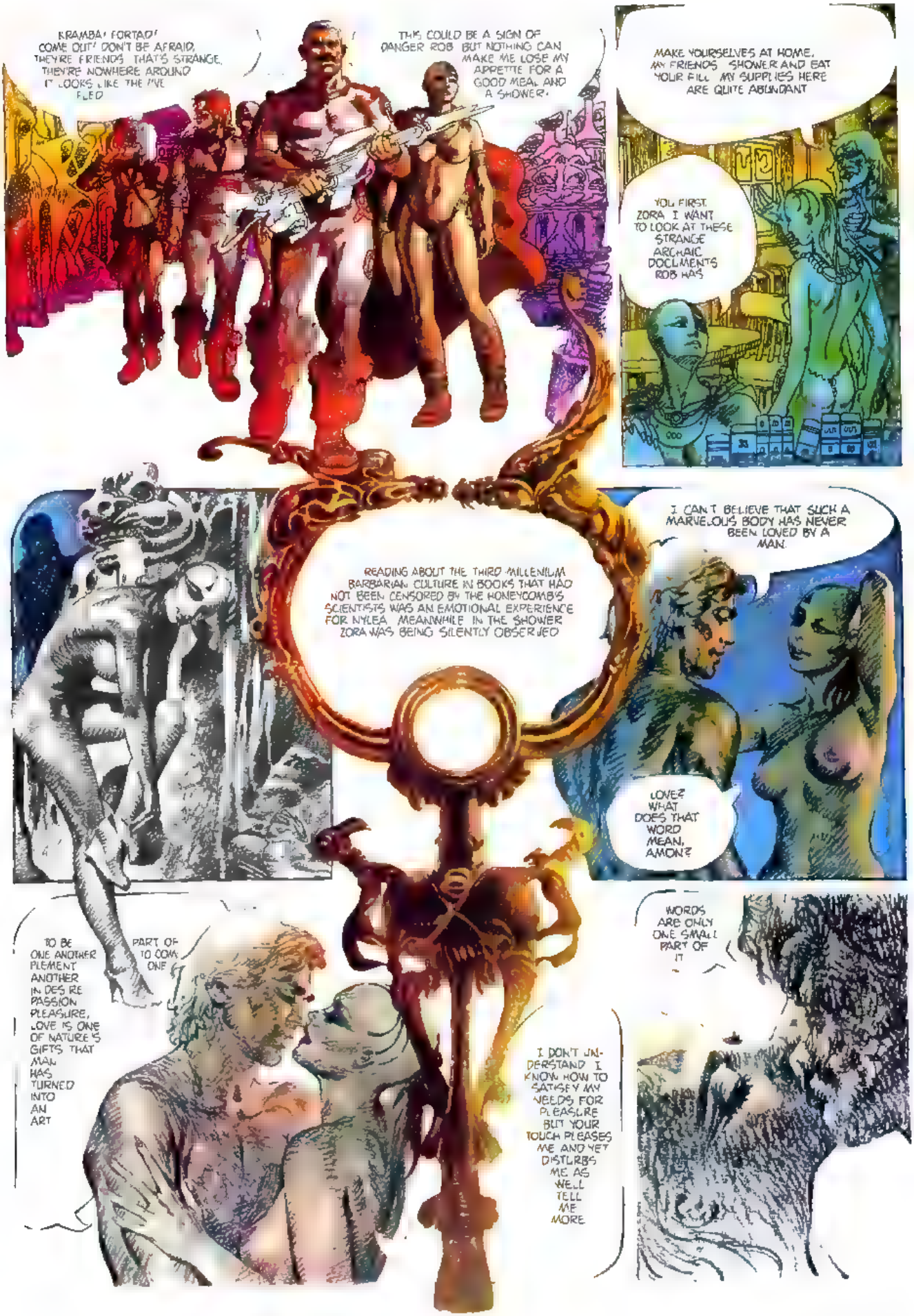
THE GODS BREATHED IMAGES. MEN RAISED IDOLS. EACH BLOCK TURNED FROM THE QUARRIES, FROM THE GULFS, FROM THE VOLCANOES, AND FROM THE SKY, AND COULD HAVE CRUSHED ANY ONE OF THE CITIES OF FORGOTTEN NAMES. NIGHT, COMING FROM THE EAST, SEEMED TO BATTLE WITH THE SHADE OF THE TEMPLES..

AND THE SUN AT EVERY
DUSK AVOIDED THE TRAP
OF MOUTHS OF STONE
WHICH FLOATED AND ROLLED
WITH THE TIDE
OF THE CROWDS...
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEXT TIME WE HAVE TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING, PLEASE GIVE ME THE CONTROLS! I DON'T THINK MY NERVES COULD HANDLE THAT AGAIN
YOU STUPID BARBARIAN! IT'S BECAUSE OF ME THAT WE'RE STILL ALIVE. YOU NEVER COULD HAVE GOTTEN US THROUGH THAT MAGNETIC TURBULENCE ON YOUR OWN!
STOP YOUR BICKERING AND LET'S GET OUT OF THE LANDING ZONE BEFORE THERE'S AN EXPLOSION
ZORA
THEIR SHIP DISABLED, THEIR WEAPONS INADEQUATE, AND STRANDED IN UNKNOWN TERRITORY THE FUGITIVES FROM THE HONEYCOMB'S SISTERHOOD SEEMED LIKE EASY PREY. ULTIMATELY, THEIR GOAL WAS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIES THAT IMPRISONED THEM BY SIFTING THROUGH THE PAST. BUT FIRST THEY HAD TO FACE A MORE IMMEDIATE DANGER
HERE, BRONCO, YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THIS LASER CANNON. SHARTAS SEARCH PATROLS WILL GET HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.
NICE TOY. I HOPE IT WORKS
THERE THEY ARE. THEIR BIO-SENSORS ARE SURE TO FIND US

THOSE DAMN BLACK SPIDERS DON'T HAVE THE GUTS TO LAND, BUT THEY'RE HAPPY TO FRY US FROM ABOVE
BRAM
ZIIIT
ZAIITT
BRAM
NOW YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF HOW A GOOD NORTHERN SOLDIER FIGHTS TAKE THAT!
YOU'RE CRAZY, BRONCO! TAKE COVER! EVEN IF YOU WERE AN EXPERT WITH THAT WEAPON, YOU WOULDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO USE IT!
BRAAM
WROOM
KABRUM
GOT 'EM! TRY AND TAKE ME NOW, BITCHES!
QUICKLY! FOLLOW ME IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR SKINS!
BY THE HONEYCOMB! WHO...?


WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS LATER! COME ON! TAKE COVER IN THAT CAVE!
WHO SAID THERE WERE NO HUMANS LEFT ON EARTH?
THANKS FOR SAVING OUR LIVES. BUT TELL ME. WHO ARE YOU? ANOTHER EARTHLING?
MY NAME'S ROB, AND UP 'TIL NOW I WAS THE ONLY HUMAN BEING ON THE PLANET
WE WERE THEIR PRISONERS UNTIL WE ALL FLED THE HONEY-COMB TOGETHER. THE SHIPS, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GONE
IF THE RADIATION LEVEL DOWN HERE IS SO HIGH, HOW COME YOU SURVIVED? ARE YOU IMMUNE OR DO YOU KNOW SOME KIND OF TRICK?
THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE RADIATION. IT HAS CAUSED A GREAT TRANSFORMATION IN THE EARTH. MY STORY IS QUITE A LONG ONE, AND I'D RATHER SAVE IT UNTIL WE GET HOME
WHAT ARE A COUPLE OF MEN DOING WITH WOMEN FROM THE SISTERHOOD?
NO SUCH LUCK MY BOY. WHILE THEY MIGHT BE SCARED TO SET FOOT ON EARTH I'M SURE THE CY WILL KEEP PATROLLING FOR DAYS
HERE IS ONE OF MY HIDEOUTS, A CITY OF FRIENDLY MUTANTS. WE WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE FROM THE SISTERHOOD AND OTHER DANGERS AS WELL
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT LOOKS UNINHABITED. ARE THEY HIDING FROM US?


KRAMBA! FORTAD! COME OUT! DON'T BE AFRAID. THEY'RE FRIENDS. THAT'S STRANGE. THEY'RE NOWHERE AROUND IT LOOKS LIKE THE FLED
THIS COULD BE A SIGN OF DANGER ROB BUT NOTHING CAN MAKE ME LOSE MY APPETITE FOR A GOOD MEAL AND A SHOWER.
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, MY FRIENDS. SHOWER AND EAT YOUR FILL. MY SUPPLIES HERE ARE QUITE ABUNDANT
YOU FIRST, ZORA. I WANT TO LOOK AT THESE STRANGE ARCHAIC DOCUMENTS ROB HAS
READING ABOUT THE THIRD MILLENIUM BARBARIAN CULTURE IN BOOKS THAT HAD NOT BEEN CENSORED BY THE HONEYCOMB'S SCIENTISTS WAS AN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE FOR NYLEA. MEANWHILE IN THE SHOWER ZORA WAS BEING SILENTLY OBSERVED
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SUCH A MARVELOUS BODY HAS NEVER BEEN LOVED BY A MAN.
LOVE? WHAT DOES THAT WORD MEAN, AMON?
TO BE ONE ANOTHER PLEMENT ANOTHER IN DES RE PASSION PLEASURE, LOVE IS ONE OF NATURE'S GIFTS THAT MAN HAS TURNED INTO AN ART
PART OF TO COM ONE
I DON'T UN-DERSTAND I KNOW HOW TO SATISFY MY NEEDS FOR PLEASURE BUT YOUR TOUCH PLEASES ME AND YET DISTURBS ME AS WELL TELL ME MORE
WORDS ARE ONLY ONE SMALL PART OF IT

IT'S STRANGE I NEVER THOUGHT SOMEONE SO DIFFERENT FROM ME COULD GIVE ME SUCH SENSATIONS
WE WERE CREATED DIFFERENTLY SO THAT WE COULD ENJOY EACH OTHER MORE
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SHOWER WAS AN EXCITING PLACE LEAVE THAT TIL LATER MY YOUNG FRIENDS THE FOOD IS GETTING COLD
NOT ONLY ARE THEY NATIVE TO EARTH ZORA BUT WE AND THEY ARE OF THE SAME RACE! I KNOW IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THERE'S PROOF
YES PROOF THAT SHOWS THEY'VE DECEIVED YOU AND THAT THEY WILL NEVER LET THINGS CHANGE
BY THE GREAT BEE
ROB. WHAT'S THAT?
iGRRR
THE RED ANTS HAVE RETURNED! WE'D BETTER RUN!
THEY'RE HUGE! BRONCO THE LASER!
JUST WHEN I WAS BEGIN NING TO EN JOY MY FOOD
iCRASH!

GIVE HIM WHAT HE DESERVES, BRONCO! HE WRECKED THE BACK OF MY HOUSE!
ZZUHITZZZ
BRAAAMM
WEEGG
BOMB!
THE RADIATION AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GENETIC WEAPONS LABORATORIES SPAWNED SOME AMAZING MONSTERS. THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THEM!
IF, DESPITE THEIR ENLARGED SIZE THEY BEHAVE LIKE THE R ANCESTORS, THIS ONE IS ONLY A SCOUT. WHICH MEANS
THAT THEY'LL BE COMING IN BY THE HUNDREDS!
WE'VE GOT TO BLOCK THEM OFF AT THE CROSS ROAD IF WE WANT TO MAKE IT TO THAT STONE BRIDGE. IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT OF THE CITY
YOU SHOULD'VE LET NYLEA HELP ME. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE - YOUR BRAVERY?
I WANT AT LEAST ONE MAN AND WOMAN TO SURVIVE THIS MADNESS. I'M A ROMAN T.C
ZZUUP
IIEEE

WE'VE MANAGED TO HOLD THEM OFF FOR THE MOMENT COME ON, ZORA!
BY THE GREAT BEE! I'M THE ONE WHO GIVES THE ORDERS AROUND HERE
THAT'S ODD THIS IS THE PLACE BUT THE BRIDGE IS OUT AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM
ROB MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM TO ANOTHER SAFE PLACE
LOOK OUT AMON SOMETHING'S MOVING IN THE SHADOWS!
HEY! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
DON'T BE ALARMED WE'RE FRIENDS OF THE HUMAN ROB HE AND THE OTHERS WENT TO SET A TRAP FOR THE GIANT RED ANTS WE'RE WAITING FOR THEM TO COME BACK
ZORA AND AMON TRIED TO KEEP THE SHOCK AND REVULSION THEY FELT AT THE SEMI-HUMAN MUTANTS FROM SHOWING ON THEIR FACES
WE'VE FOUGHT OFF SMALL GROUPS MANY TIMES BEFORE BUT NEVER ONE THIS LARGE AND HUNGRY
THERE THEY ARE AGAIN, THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM THE REAR
DO YOU THINK WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO BEAT AN ARMY OF GIANTS?
BUT WHAT ABOUT ROB AND THE OTHERS?

A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WAS ZORA'S ANSWER AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN BLEW APART BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITY
BARROOUMM
THAT LASER WORKED JUST LIKE A HIGH-POWERED BOMB GOOD IDEA BRONCO
IT WAS NYLEAS IDEA, NOT MINE SHE KNOWS THE WEAPON BETTER THAN I DO
NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN SEPARATED FROM THEIR ARMY, THEY'LL BE EASY TO ELIMINATE
I THINK WE'VE TAUGHT THOSE RED ANTS A GOOD LESSON THE CITY IS SAVED
AND IF THEY TRY AGAIN, WE'LL BE READY TO STOP THEM!
NOW ROB MUST FIND A WAY TO AID HIS NEW FRIENDS YOUR SYSTEMS CAN'T WITHSTAND THE RADIATION, LIKE THOSE OF THE ANT-MEN AND THE OTHER MUTANTS. THEY ARE THE RESULT OF SLOW ADAPTATION, TAKING THOUSANDS OF YEARS
WITH YOUR SPACECRAFT WRECKED, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN GET OFF EARTH. IT'LL BE DIFFICULT, PERHAPS IMPOSSIBLE. WE'LL HAVE TO CAPTURE THE GENESIS II!
I REMEMBER GENESIS I, A STARSHIP THAT LEFT THE SYSTEM YEARS BEFORE OUR HIBERNATION
WELL, GENESIS II IS ITS TWIN THE LAST ONE BUILT BY THE SCIENTIFIC FEDERATION BEFORE THE NORTHERN ARMY WAS DEFEATED
AND WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, ROB? FINDING ITS FUEL? OR IS IT DAMAGED?

TO BE CONTINUED

EXILED by Caza

THE MINISTRY OF POTATO SCIENCE??? WHAT DO THEY WANT?
.....
WHAT?
YVONNE!
COME QUICK!
READ THIS!
Ministry of Potato Science
Expropriation Notice
Tenants.
The Ministry of potato science has decided to plant a potato fie
on the location presently occupied by your apartment complex.
of this,we have no choice but to serve you with this notice o
eviction in order to demolish your building and plant our cr
Of course, compensation and relocation assistance will be of
to you in good time. You have eight days to vacate your apar
this inconvenience, but we are sure you understand
ublic utility

THE ANGRY APARTMENT DWELLERS MET IN THE GARAGE BENEATH THE COMPLEX
THIS IS SCANDALOUS!
A POTATO FIELD OF ALL THINGS
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
AND WHAT ABOUT THIS PUBLIC UTILITY MEETING? WHERE IS THAT GOING TO BE HELD?
WE WON'T BE HAD!
WE'LL FIGHT UNTIL WE DROP!
WE'LL MARCH ON MITTERAND'S COUNTRY ESTATE!
WHY WE'LL MARCH ON THE WHOLE CITY OF PARIS IF WE HAVE TO!
YES RIGHT
LET'S GO!!
YES
YES
YES
A WALK ON PARIS!
ATTENTION PARIS!
JOIN US IN OUR MARCH AGAINST OPPRESSION, CAPITALISM, AND POTATOES! TUESDAY- THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE AT 3PM!
LONG LIVE APARTMENT COMPLEXES!
WE'RE OUT HERE FOR OUR LAND!
SCREW POTATOES!
LEAVE US BE!
LEAVE US OUR DIGNITY!
SCREW POTATOES!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO? SHOULD WE CALL FOR THE STATE POLICE?
NO. WAIT!
MINISTERE DES CHAMPS DE POMMES DE TERRE
THAT'S IT THEY'RE ALL OUT
OKAY
NOW!
KLIK
BADOOM!!
BADOOM!!
BADOOM!
OH NO! OUR APARTMENTS!!!

EPILOGUE
THERE YOU ARE LADIES AND GENTS YOUR NEW HOME COMPLETE WITH A SCENIC VIEW AS YOU CAN SEE, THE MINISTRY OF POTATO SCIENCE ALWAYS KEEPS ITS WORD! YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY NEW "COMPLEX" - WE HAVE OUR POTATO FIELD WHAT MORE COULD ONE ASK FOR?
GOOD LUCK!
TAKE CARE
KOL KNOW WHAT YVONNE?
WHAT WAS "E" S
SOME THING
IS ROTTEN IN DENMARK
CAZA 78-79

SPECIAL CHILDREN'S EDITION

Twelfth Night

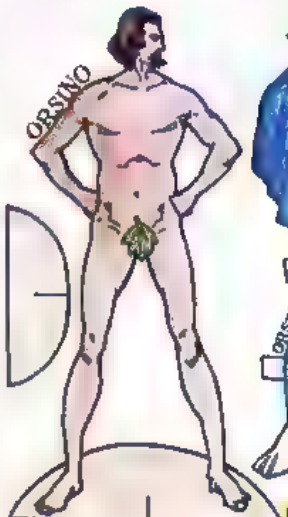
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

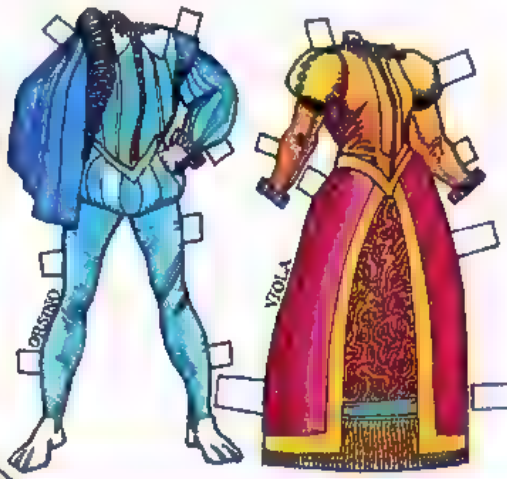
VIOLA, SEBASTIAN } TWINS

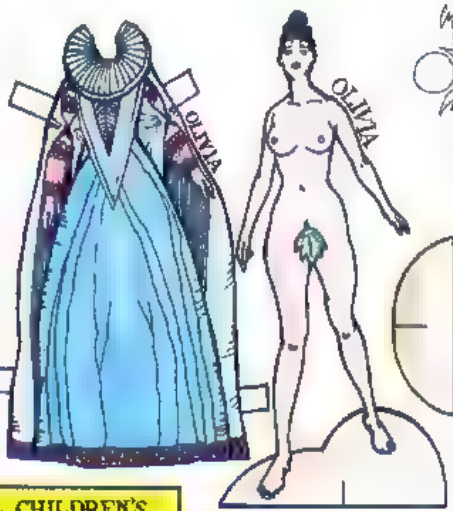
ORSINO-DUKE OF ILLYRIA
OLIVIA-A COUNTESS

THE PLAY

V. I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY BROTHER IS DEAD.
S. I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY SISTER IS DEAD.
V. I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A BOY AND CALL MYSELF CESARIO.
OR. I WANT TO MARRY OLIVIA
OL. I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ANYBODY
OR. CESARIO, ASK OLIVIA TO MARRY ME.
OL. I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ORSINO, CESARIO, BUT I LOVE YOU.
V. OOPS
OL. I'LL BE YOURS IF YOU MARRY ME AT ONCE.
S. ACTUALLY, I JUST GOT HERE, BUT SURE!
ALL NOW THAT I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, LET'S GET MARRIED
ALL WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?
EXIT







© 1982 W. SIMONSON / H. CHAYKIN

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR LIBRARY.

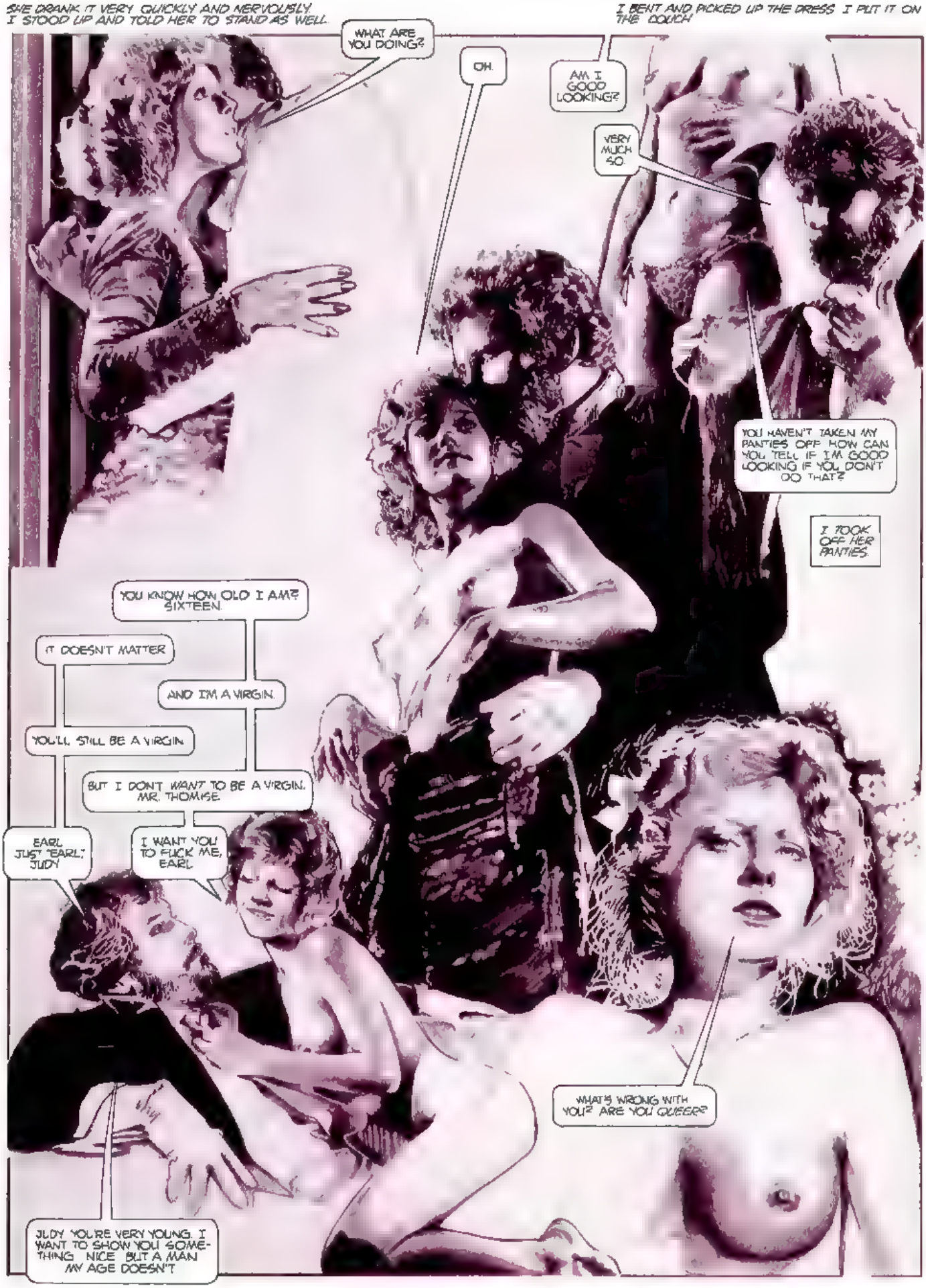
SPECIAL THANKS AND A FLOURISH OF THE QUILL TO WEEZIE

"SHAKESPEARE FOR AMERICANS" IS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM HEAVY METAL CORPORATION

THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND I CURSED AT THE DAMNED STIRRUPS
MY FEET NESTLED IN, MY FINGERS AT THE CONTROLS. I ZIPPED UP THE SUIT
A MINUTE!
EARL YOU READY TO GO ON?
NEED ANY HELP?
PLENTY OF TIME, PAUL I'M FINE
I GAVE HIM A WARM SMILE
BECAUSE HE'S SO NERVOUS, PAUL SPITS EVERYTHING OUT IN BELLIGERENT TONES SCARES HIM WHEN I SMILE AT HIM
DIDN'T MEAN TO BUG YOU, EARL
READY FOR THEM NOW
CULTURE FOR THE MASSES
SIXTEEN AND VANILLA
A FULL HOUSE. I GAVE THEM MOZART FOR OPENERS, TO MAKE THEM FEEL AT HOME. THEN A LITTLE SATIE, CARTER, AND FINALLY A PIECE OF MY OWN THAT'S ALL TONE-CLUSTERS AND BRAVURA. POLITE APPLAUSE NO ENCORE
BY TED WHITE. ADAPTED BY DAVE BISCHOFF. ILLUSTRATED BY VAL LAKEY/ARTIFACT

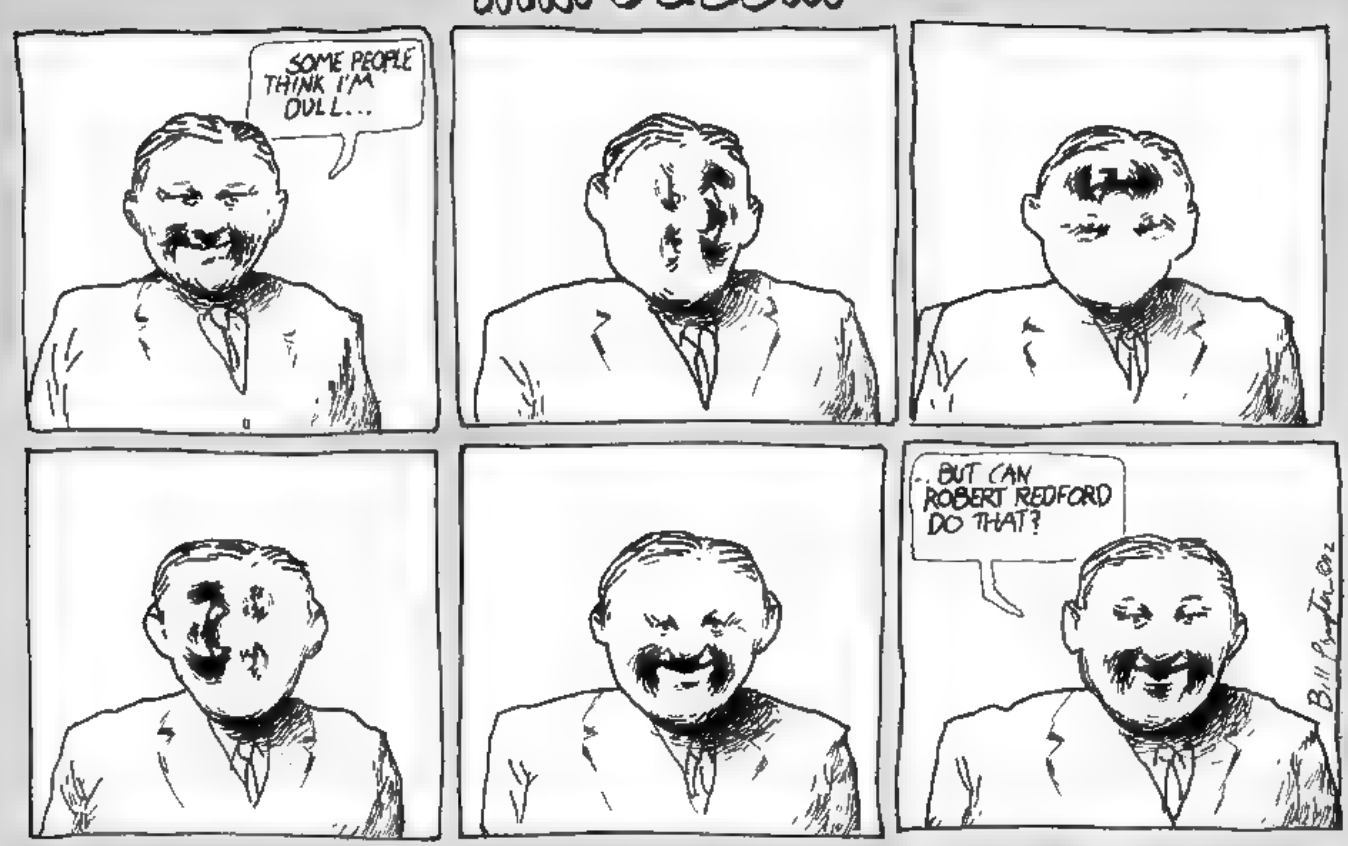
I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD VISIT OUR TOWN, MR THOMAS. YOU WERE WONDERFUL
THANK YOU VERY MUCH. IT WAS A PLEASURE
I'LL BE OKAY, PAUL
YES, AHH I HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE STAGE MANAGER
PAUL CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM
OH. OH
OH, NO I MEAN, YES YOU AH YOU PLAY VERY WELL I MEAN I'VE HEARD YOUR RECORDS BEFORE, BUT
SIT DOWN. WHY DON'T YOU RELAX FIRST TIME?
GO ON, SIT DOWN. DRINK?
I WELL, I IT REALLY SHOULDN'T CAUSE YOU ANY TROUBLE
I GOT THE DRINKS AND TURNED OFF THE BRIGHTS, LEAVING ONLY A LAMP ON IN THE SOFTER LIGHT. SHE LOOKED MUCH YOUNGER
I WANTED TO TELL YOU JUST HOW MUCH I'VE ENJOYED YOUR PLAYING. I'M PLANNING TO GO TO JULLIARD NEXT YEAR AND
WOULD YOU PREFER SOMETHING ELSE? THIS COCAINE?
WHAT? OH, UHM, NO. NO, I'LL JUST AH, DRINK THIS

SHE THREW IT BACK LIKE WATER WHICH MOSTLY IT WAS NOT
YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YOUR NAME
JUDY
NICE ANOTHER DRINK?
THANKS
I REACHED OUT WITH MY OTHER HAND AND TOOK HERS THE ELECTRICAL FEEDBACK TINGLED MY FINGERTIPS HER LIPS PARTED
HER LIPSTICK TASTED INNOCENT SIXTEEN AND VANILLA
I DON'T UNDER-STAND WHY AM I HERE?
HERE DRINK A GOOD QUESTION WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I DON'T KNOW


SHE DRANK IT VERY QUICKLY AND NERVOUSLY. I STOOD UP AND TOLD HER TO STAND AS WELL.
I BENT AND PICKED UP THE DRESS. I PUT IT ON THE COUCH
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH.
AM I GOOD LOOKING?
VERY MUCH SO.
YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN MY PANTIES OFF. HOW CAN YOU TELL IF I'M GOOD LOOKING IF YOU DON'T DO THAT?
I TOOK OFF HER PANTIES.
YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM? SIXTEEN.
IT DOESN'T MATTER
AND I'M A VIRGIN.
YOU'LL STILL BE A VIRGIN.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A VIRGIN, MR. THOMAS.
EARL JUST "EARL," JUDY
I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME, EARL
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? ARE YOU QUEER?
JUDY, YOU'RE VERY YOUNG. I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING NICE. BUT A MAN MY AGE DOESN'T

I HAD TO PLAY THIS EXACTLY RIGHT, OR THERE WOULD BE BIG TROUBLE SIXTEEN YEARS OLD FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? AND TO THINK, I THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT PAUL HAD GOTTEN HER FOR ME
JUDY PLEASE YOU DIDN'T COME FOR THAT YOU CAME IN TO HERO WORSHIP A BIG TIME CONCERT PIANIST YOU DRANK TOO MUCH YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME OR TO YOURSELF, FOR THAT MATTER
I WAS RIGHT YOU ARE QUEER! JUST QUEER!
COME IN SEE IF YOU CAN HELP ME GET HER DRESSED
YOU DO SOME DUMB THINGS SOMETIMES, EARL
YEAH
DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO STICK TO PROS?
I PUT SOME COFFEE INTO HER AND FRESH AIR I'LL GET HER HOME SHE'LL BE OKAY
THANKS, PAUL
IT'S WHAT I'M PAID FOR
WHAT COULD I SAY? THAT I'D WANTED TO BELIEVE SHE WAS, YET HOPED SHE WASN'T? THAT I WANTED, JUST ONCE, SOMETHING THAT I HADN'T PAID FOR. SOMETHING REAL? THAT I'D NEVER BEEN SIXTEEN AND I'D NEVER BE SIXTEEN?
NO, IT WOULD BE LIKE STRIPPING MYSELF NAKED IN FRONT OF SOMEONE I'VE NEVER DONE THAT
THE DOOR CLOSED, LEAVING ME ALONE

I UNZIPPED MY SUIT UNHOOKED MY FINGERS FROM THE ARM CONTROLS, KICKED FREE THE STIRRUPS, AND WADDLED MY RUMP OFF THE PROSTHETIC SADDLE
I GAVE A FINAL NOD TO THE MIRROR AND THE BULKY, OVER-WEIGHT CREATURE, ARMLESS AND LEGLESS, FLIPPERED AND GROTESQUE, THALIDOMIDE BABY ALL GROWN UP, RETURNED IT
YOU CAN CHASE ALL YOU WANT BUT YOU NEVER CATCH UP WITH THE PAST
THE END

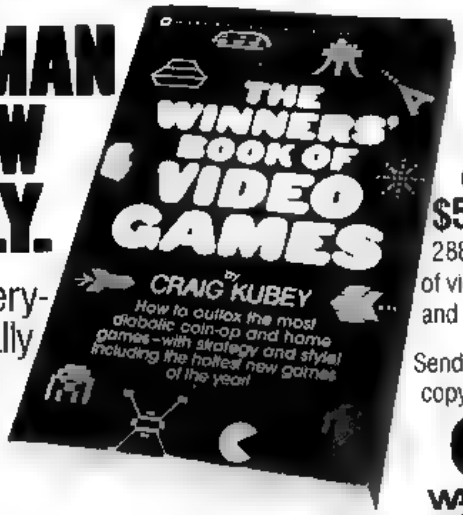


IN THE VIDEO WAR OF MAN VS. MACHINE, YOU NOW HAVE A POWERFUL ALLY.

The Winners' Book of Video Games—it's everything you need to know today to win at virtually every video game in the country—and even those to come.

Pac-Man . . Asteroids Space Invaders . Defender. Galaxian . Tempest . . . Donkey Kong . Missile Command . . . Berzerk . Centipede Video expert Craig Kubey decodes them all in the most complete video game book ever! You get

- **Action plans for over 50 games—both home and arcade!**
- **Hot tips from video champs and game designers; mysteries of bugs, racks, and time factors revealed**
- **Advice from one who knows; arcade etiquette; video commandments; mental attitudes to capture control**
- **A look at the games of the future—and how you should attack a new machine**
- **Game histories, video slang, quizzes, videomedicine (the cure for "joystick hand"), and much, much more!**


THE WINNERS' BOOK OF VIDEO GAMES
by CRAIG KUBEY
How to outfox the most diabolic coin-op and home games—with strategy and style! Including the hottest new games of the year!

Only **$5.95**
288 pages of video lore and wisdom

Send for your copy today!

WARNER BOOKS

A Quality Paperback from

Mail along with your check or money order to
Warner Books Dept. HM, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019
Please send me copy/copies of *The Winners' Book of Video Games* (37-115-7) @ $5.95 per copy
Please add $1.00 to your order plus 25¢ for each additional copy order to cover postage and handling. Check or money order only: no cash, please. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Name

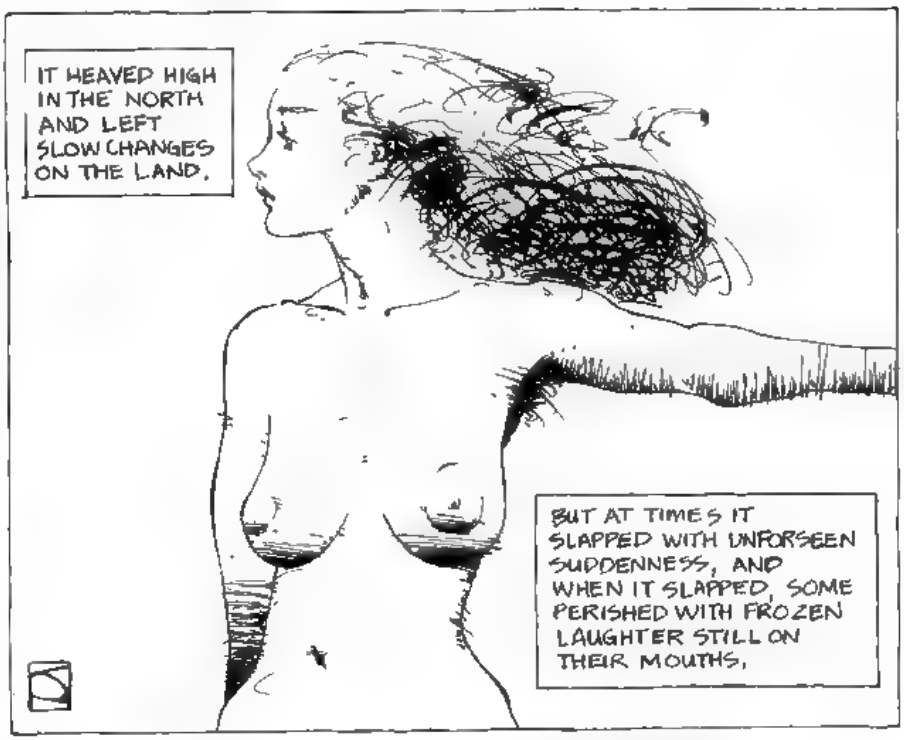
Address

City

State Zip

I'M AGE

ICE AGE. A SIEGE TO LAST TEN THOUSAND YEARS WAS BREATHING FAR AWAY.


IT HEAVED HIGH IN THE NORTH AND LEFT SLOW CHANGES ON THE LAND.
BUT AT TIMES IT SLAPPED WITH UNFORSEEN SUDDENNESS, AND WHEN IT SLAPPED, SOME PERISHED WITH FROZEN LAUGHTER STILL ON THEIR MOUTHS.

AND NO ONE NEEDED STRANGERS RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND TO CONVINCE THEM.

THE TIMID COME TOGETHER, THE TIME HAD COME TO GATHER.

THE TIME HAD COME TO LOOK FOR NUTS

© J JONES 1982

ROD SERLING'S THE TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE

"There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call The Twilight Zone."

—Rod Serling

Your passport to another dimension.

Every month Rod Serling's THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine explores the worlds of horror, fantasy, and suspense in the tradition of the classic television series.

Each issue brings you the best in new fiction by today's finest writers—writers such as Stephen King, Harlan Ellison, Joyce Carol Oates, Robert Silverberg, Roger Zelazny, and Joe Haldeman—plus Robert Sheckley on books and Gahan Wilson on the latest films.

Each month's TZ Interview will introduce you to the shapers of modern fantasy: people such as Peter Straub, Stephen King, Richard Matheson, George Romero, Robert Bloch, and Fritz Leiber.

You'll also find full-color previews of upcoming films, a full-length script from the original *Twilight Zone* television series, and an exclusive Show-by-Show Guide to the series' 150 episodes, complete with photos of each show.

Associate editor Carol Serling, the late Rod Serling's wife, invites you to enjoy this unique magazine's "strange beauty, fanciful humor, chilling terror, provocative ideas to help sustain you in this less-than-perfect world that we all must inhabit."

Subscribe today and save up to $6 off the newsstand price. Send $10 for six issues or $18 for twelve—a full year of Rod Serling's THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine.

TZ Publications, Inc.
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 252,
Mount Morris, IL 61054

SAVE $6 on a year's subscription

Send this coupon today—or call 1-800-435-0715.

TZ PUBLICATIONS, INC. TH52
Subscription Dept. P.O. Box 252 Mount Morris, Illinois 61054

Please enter a subscription for ROD SERLINGS' THE TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE in the name listed below. Enclosed is my ☐ check or ☐ money order to cover the full amount.

PLEASE CHARGE TO: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA
ACCOUNT NUMBERS GOOD THRU

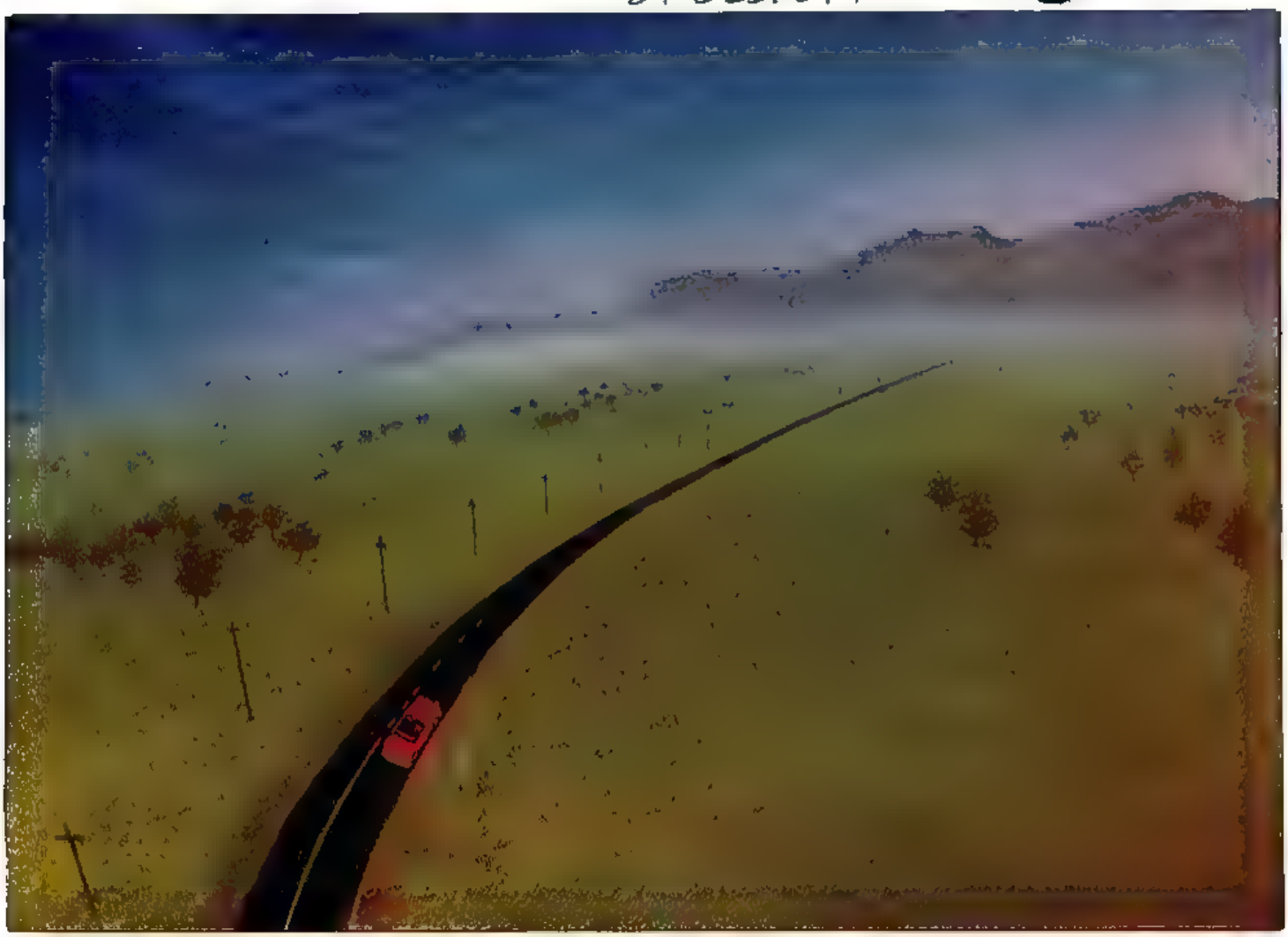
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

Check one:
☐ 6 monthly issues $10
YOU SAVE $2.00 (Canadian currency $13.00)
☐ 12 monthly issues $18
YOU SAVE $6.00 (Canadian currency $23.00)

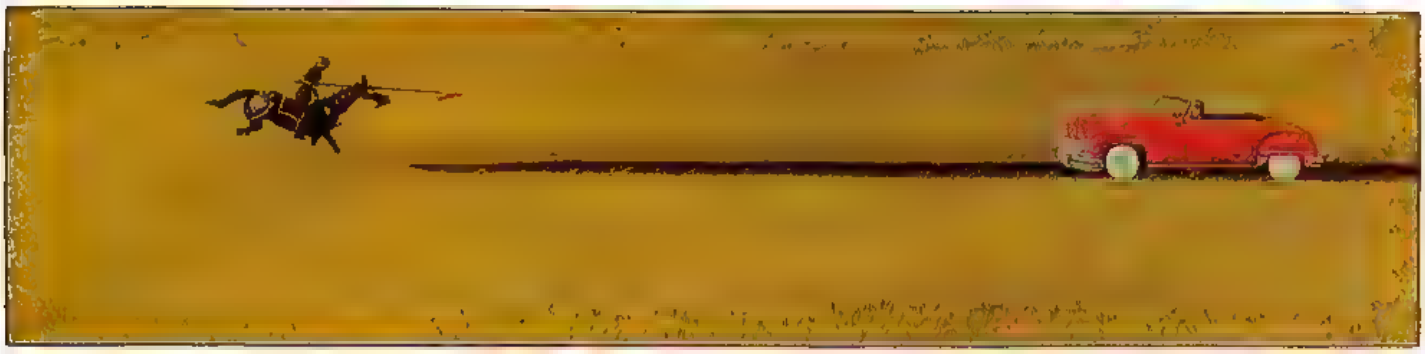
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

the black Knight

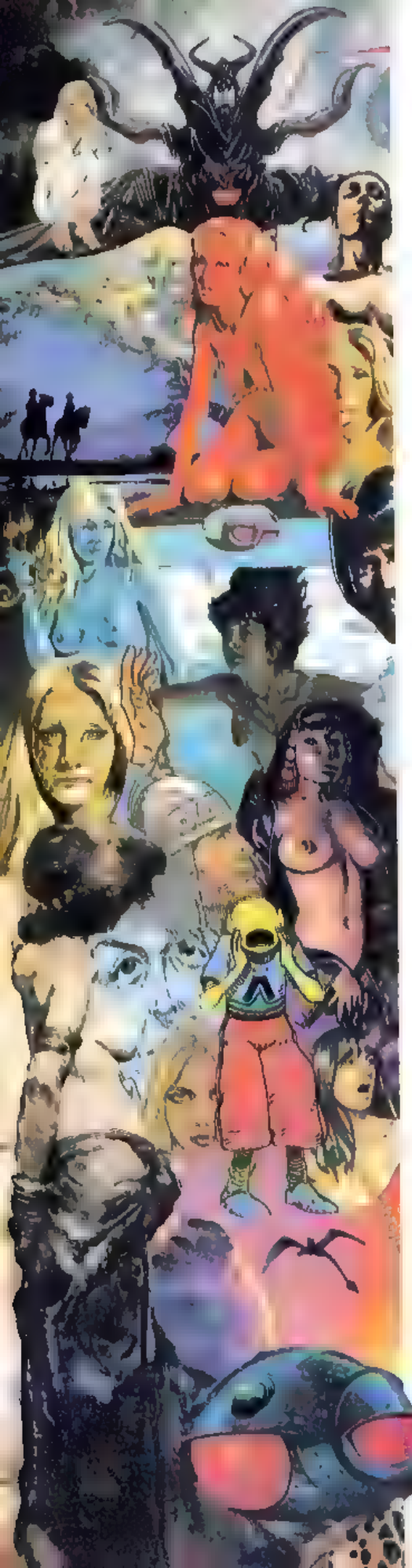
BY EBERONI



MICHIGAN
ML·4·6·62



Black Knigh
FiN
Corporation



HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 SORRY –SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more $4.00

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's Rockblitz the highly praised Shells the beginning of Davis's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow also, the final installment of Sunpot ($3.00

#5/AUGUST 1977 The saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue ($3.00

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius ($3.00

#7/OCTOBER 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977 New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Polonius and World Apart $3.00

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius $3.00

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update *Ulysses* Conquering Armies concludes Den continues ($3.00

#11/FEBRUARY 1978 New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al $3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim and yet more Den ($3.00

#13/APRIL 1978 Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00

#14/MAY 1978: Jim the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat $3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Ga and yet more Heilman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights ($3.00

#17/AUGUST 1978 SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's Sindbad Moebius's Major Heilman Orion Long Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00

#19/OCTOBER 1978 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin the debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus the usual ($3.00

#20/NOVEMBER 1978 Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978 The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979 Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's late show ($3.00

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Vaughn Mayerik's Time Out And much more ($3.00

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's Dancin and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous ($3.00

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's Zooks premieres Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Geographic Bode more $3.00

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and Little Red Vette alongside Moebius and Moebius $3.00

#31/OCTOBER 1979 Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius Braccia Druillet Suydam others ($3.00

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Let us give thanks for Corben's Rowlf Bode's Zooks Brunner's Elric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza Corben Kofoed Suydam Silks Trina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants ($3.00

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more! $3.00

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip $3.00)

#36 MARCH 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Dor of Jada? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00

#39/JUNE 1980 Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Stamp saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" $3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980 Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress" $3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss, Spain Druillet Yeates Ha Howarth Kierkegaard Jr. Colon and Matena and not to be missed! $3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980 With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's illustrated Bloodstar. Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera. Mezieres and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There's a Prince Charming on Phenixon!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny Goof" an unnamable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, begins. "What is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981 "Art and the Nazis." Corben's "Bloodstar." Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier." Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Juan Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals: Fête." Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981 Stephen King ternhes with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981 Spinrad on the Immoral Majority, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's "Den II." Jeff Jones's "I'm Age." Juan Gimenez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981 Shakespeare for Americans: the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal and Steranko. $3.00.

#56/NOVEMBER 1981 Jeronaton's "Egg of the World." Jeff Jones, Segrelles and Bilal all frame the art of Jeronaton and Diane Dillon beautifully. ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981 Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals' Fate." ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982 Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow, and Ballour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko et al. ($3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982 Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's Gideon Faust gets going again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten et al. ($3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982 Our second Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Malena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova II" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars. "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy. ($3.00)

#61/APRIL 1982 Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be kept busy until our 6th! ($3.00)

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 5-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 1977	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 1977	$3.00
	Dec. 1977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Sept. 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$3.00
	Jan. 1979	$3.00
	Feb. 1979	$3.00
	Mar. 1979	$3.00
	Apr. 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	June 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug. 1979	$3.00
	Sept. 1979	$3.00
	Oct. 1979	$3.00
	Nov. 1979	$3.00
	Dec. 1979	$3.00
	Jan. 1980	$3.00
	Feb. 1980	$3.00
	Mar. 1980	$3.00
	Apr. 1980	$3.00
	May 1980	$3.00
	June 1980	$3.00
	July 1980	$3.00
	Aug. 1980	$3.00
	Sept. 1980	$3.00
	Oct. 1980	$3.00
	Nov. 1980	$3.00
	Dec. 1980	$3.00
	Jan. 1981	$3.00
	Feb. 1981	$3.00
	Mar. 1981	$3.00
	Apr. 1981	$3.00
	May 1981	$3.00
	June 1981	$3.00
	July 1981	$3.00
	Aug. 1981	$3.00
	Sept. 1981	$3.00
	Oct. 1981	$3.00
	Nov. 1981	$3.00
	Dec. 1981	$3.00
	Jan. 1982	$3.00
	Feb. 1982	$3.00
	Mar. 1982	$3.00
	Apr. 1982	$3.00

I've enclosed a total of $
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name

Address

City

State_____ Zip_____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Beautiful binders!
For just $5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just $5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981 are $26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!
HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 5-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Ol' standby binder	$5.50
	New, sophisticated binder	$5.95
	Ol' standby with issues (list each year you would like	$26 plus $1 postage and handling
	New, sophisticated with issues (list each year you would like)	$26 plus $1 postage and handling

I've enclosed a total of $
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name

Address

City

State_____ Zip_____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LES LANDES IS AN IMMENSE FOREST ALONG THE OCEAN. IT IS A SERENE ATMOSPHERE FRESH AND CALM UNTIL WE... THERE IS A PASTE FACTORY BY THE SEA WHICH SPITS BY PRODUCTS IN TO THE LOVELY GREEN WATERS AND THE MILITARY COMPLEX HIDDEN BEHIND BARBED WIRE AND ARMED GUARDS DISPOSES OF MANY AN UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE INTO OUR WATERS YET, DESPITE THE REFUSE THAT IS DISCARDED THERE EACH DAY LIFE GOES ON UNCHANGED DAY IN AND DAY OUT

BUT ON ONE MORNING A MORNING JUST LIKE ANY OTHER

FINE. I'LL GO AND TEND TO THE ANIMALS

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM HUHR

YEP FORCE OF HABIT I GUESS

?AHAHA?! AHA

?

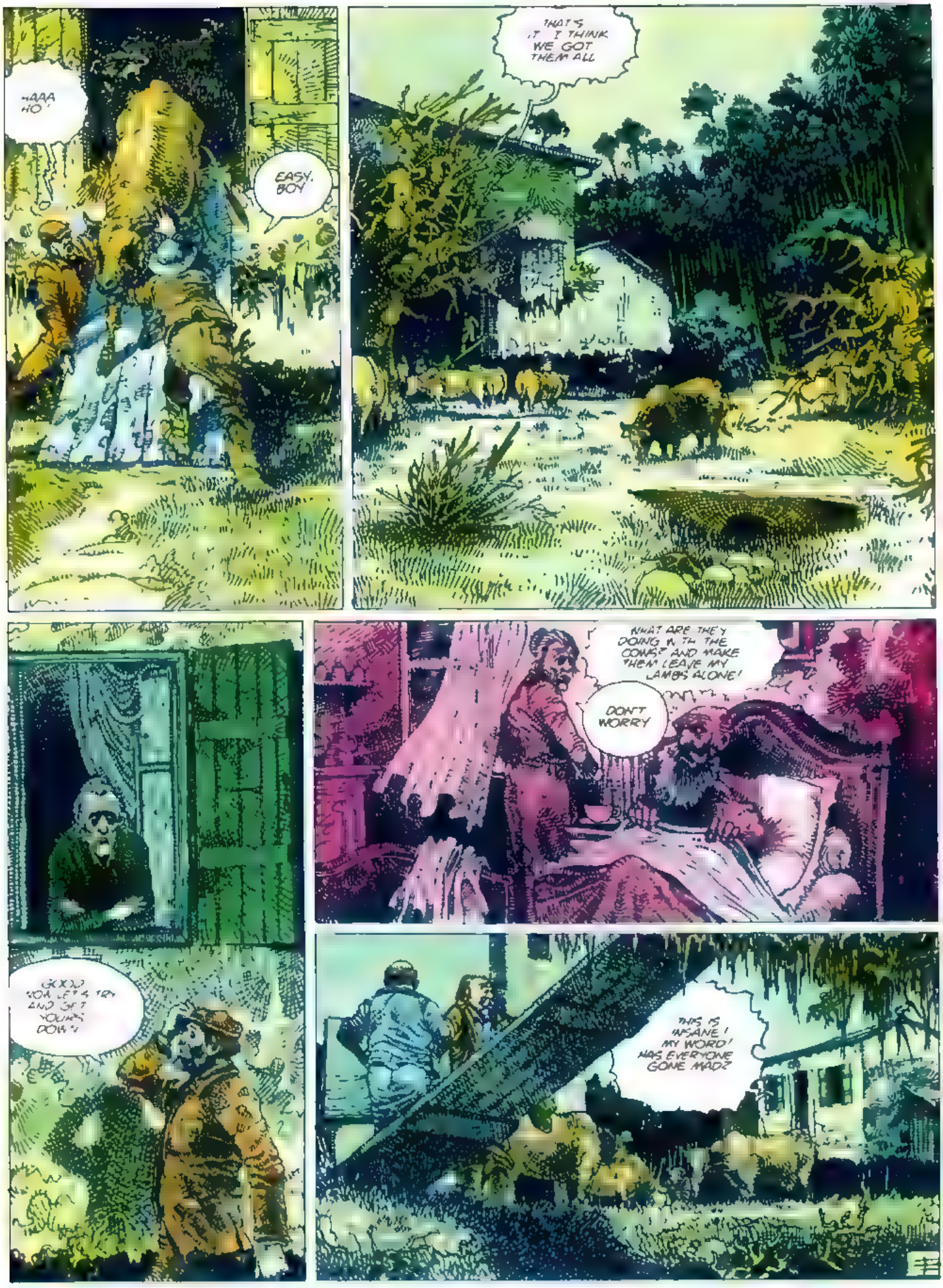
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD?
EMILE!

!?!
EMILE WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? SURELY, YOU DON'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS FIASCO!
3

HEY, YOU UP THERE! COME AND SEE!
EVERYBODY... COME QUICK!
WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET BITTEN OR SOMETHING?
!?
COME DOWN QUICKLY!
ERNOS
WHY SHOULD I? I JUST GOT UP. I HAVE TO HAVE MY COFFEE
...FIRST...

GOOD GOD
IT'S AMAZING AIN'T IT?
WELL, GO AHEAD. ARE YOU GONNA JUMP?
YOU FIRST!
YOU'RE AFRAID, AREN'T YOU?
WAIT I'LL PUT THE LADDER DOWN FOR YOU
BUT WHY ARE THEY ALL SCREECHING LIKE PIGS TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS BUT THIS HOUSE HAS FLOWN AWAY
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE COOKING SHERRY AGAIN? JUST BECAUSE I'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS BED FOR TEN YEARS, DOESN'T MEAN I'VE LOST MY MARBLES
REALLY I CAN'T BE-LIEVE MY EYES
PERHAPS I'M A BIT ARTHRIT-IC, BUT I'M NOT SENILE! GO GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE AND MAKE IT BLACK I'M GOING TO NEED IT
YES DEAR

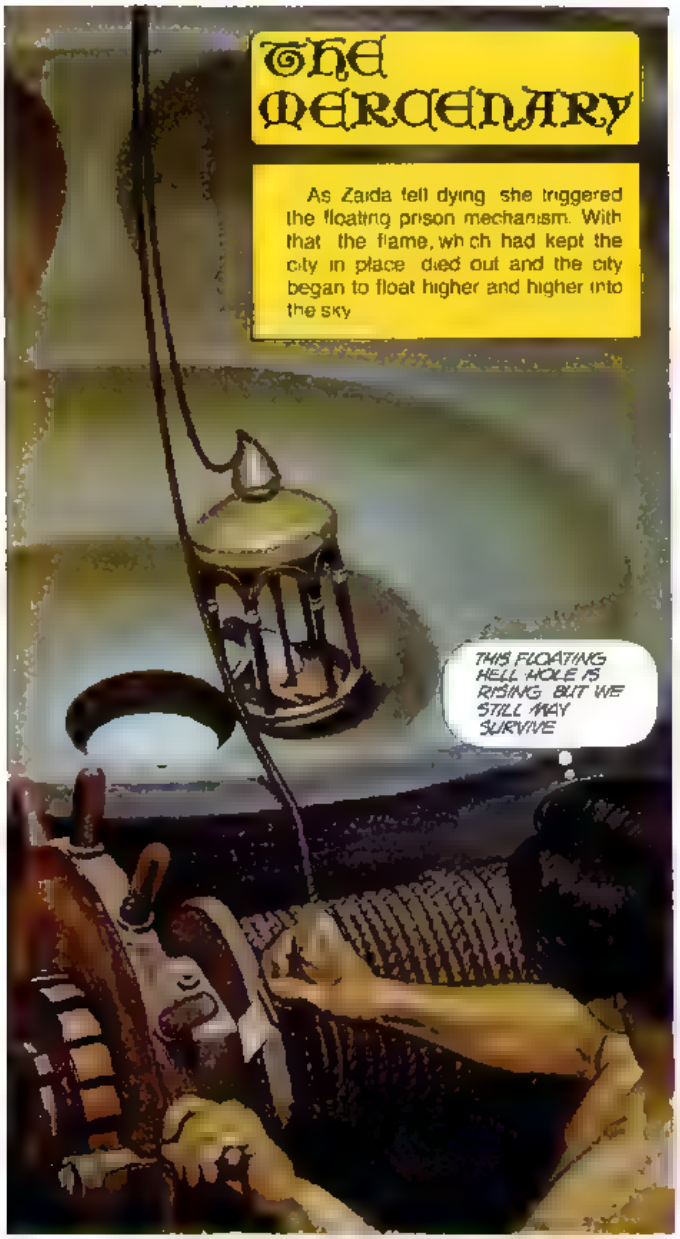
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS MESS?
MEUUUU MEUUUU
YOU' YOU'RE THE DEPUTY MAYOR YOU'RE SUP- POSED TO BE OUR LEAD- ER' DO SOMETHING'
I NELL LIH
MEUUUU
LET'S GO AND TAKE CARE OF THE BEASTS WHILE HE'S BRAINSTORM- ING' THEY'LL DIE UP THERE WITH NO FOOD
EMILE'S RIGHT
FORTUNATELY WE HAVE EVERY- THING WE NEED TO GET THEM DOWN FROM THERE
WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND LE' 'EM ALL OUT

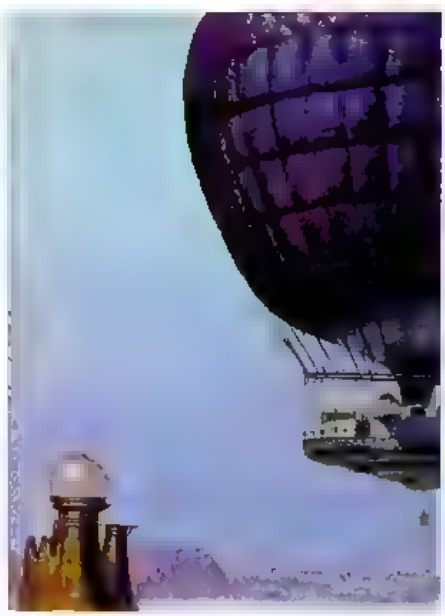

HAAA HO!
EASY, BOY
THAT'S IT I THINK WE GOT THEM ALL
GOOD YOU LET'S TEN AND GET YOURS DOWN!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH THE COWS? AND MAKE THEM LEAVE MY LAMBS ALONE!
DON'T WORRY
THIS IS INSANE! MY WORD! HAS EVERYONE GONE MAD?

MAYBE THE OLD MAN IS RIGHT! THIS IS A BIT ABSURD COULD WE BE DREAMING THIS?
HAH?
SORTA LIKE A "GROUP" DREAM? MAYBE NOT COME ON LET'S GET THOSE HEIFERS!
LET'S USE THAT PHONE OF YOURS THE ONE YOU'RE SO PROUD OF AND GET SOME HELP!
!
BY GOD, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE PHONE QUICK, WARN THE MAYOR! GET THE POLICE! THE FIREMEN!
THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT I AM LOSING MY HEAD
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
HELLO! HELLO! THIS IS 1 LITERNOS ROAD HELLO!
NOTHING!
I'LL HAVE TO GO THERE MYSELF!
HEY LOOK, I FOUND SOME OLD STILTS THEY'LL COME IN HANDY WANNA TRY THEM?
NO, YOU GO AHEAD!
I WONDER IF THE MAYOR WILL BELIEVE ME?
TO BE CONTINUED

THE MERCENARY

As Zaida fell dying she triggered the floating prison mechanism. With that the flame, which had kept the city in place died out and the city began to float higher and higher into the sky





DAMN OUR LUCK! WE'VE FLOATED BACK TO MY WORLD—AND THE OVER-LORD'S CASTLE. THAT PIG WILL SEND HIS WARRIORS TO KILL ME
WARRIORS, OVER HERE! OUR LAND HAS BEEN INVADED!
MY SOLDIERS ARE READY, MY LORD. GIVE US THE ORDER!
ORD! BY THE GODS! THAT MAN! I KNOW HIM! IT IS THE MERCENARY!
BUT HE'S DEAD. I SAW HIM PERISH IN THE CLOUDS. IT MUST BE HIS GHOST COMING TO DESTROY ME

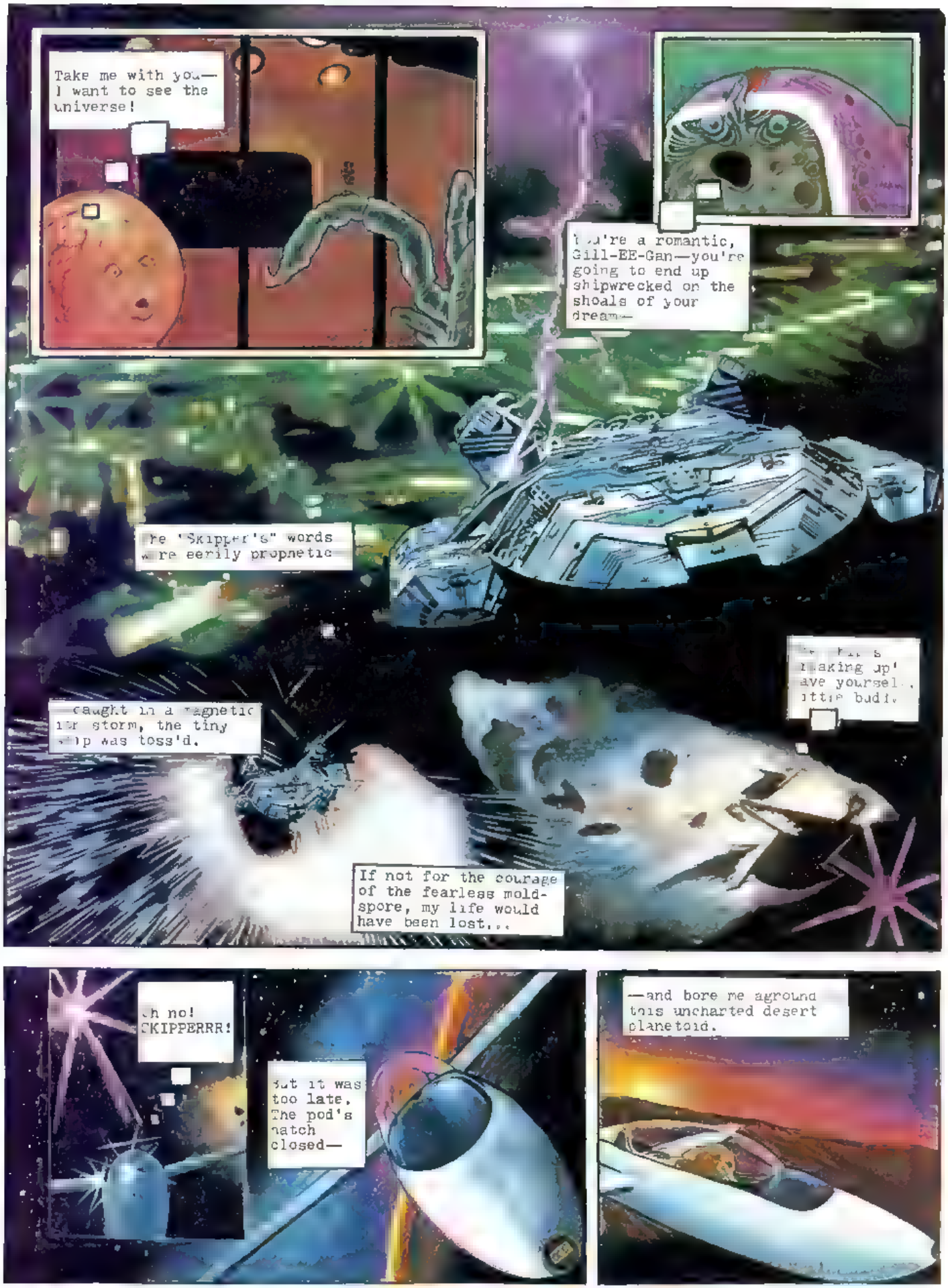
WAIT! HE'S NOT COMING AFTER ME HE'S RISING THANK THE
NO! THE DOME - THE DAMN FOOL HAS DESTROYED THE DOME! THE CASTLE WILL -
BROOUMMMM!

WHATEVER FATES MIGHT GUIDE US, WE LIVE AND THAT PIG IS MOST LIKELY DEAD I AM ONLY SORRY MINE WAS NOT THE BLADE THAT SLEW HIM!
STILL, IT IS OVER AT LAST. AND THE GIRL IS SAFE

YOU'RE AWAKE? GOOD WE'RE NOT FAR FROM YOUR COUNTRY ARE WE?
WE'RE VERY NEAR
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK DOWN THERE ALONE THE OLD WOMAN'S POTIONS ARE WEARING OFF I FIND THE THIN AIR DIFFICULT TO BREATHE
I AM ONLY SORRY YOU CANNOT JOIN ME MY FAMILY WOULD GIVE YOU GREAT REWARDS THERE WOULD BE CELEBRATIONS FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME OR US
PERHAPS SOMEDAY IF YOU CAN FIND A WAY TO GET ME THAT POTION NOW PLEASE BE CAREFUL THE PATH TO YOUR WORLD IS TREACHEROUS
AND YOU TAKE CARE, MY HANDSOME ONE I WILL FIND A WAY TO BRING YOU TO ME TRUST ME I SHALL FIND A WAY
THE END

Oh, boo hoo hoo... oh boo hoo—nobody likes my "Space Opera" strip last month. The critics said it was "arch and
Rex Reer dismissed it as "crapola—a nauseating mish-mash of adolescent sex and violence."
Maybe I should try something more Depression era, something sort of sci fi but sentimental, something
MONSTER LOVE COMICS
NO. 1 SEPT. 1962
20¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
WHY, HER NEW BOYFRIEND'S NOTHING BUT A BLOB OF SLIME!
BUT ONCE THEY CHECKED OUT HIS PORSCHE..
HE'S MACHO!
WOW! DIG THOSE GROOVY PSEUDO PODS!
A TRAIL OF SLIME CAN BE CUTE..
THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL CUT ME DEAD WHEN
I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE!

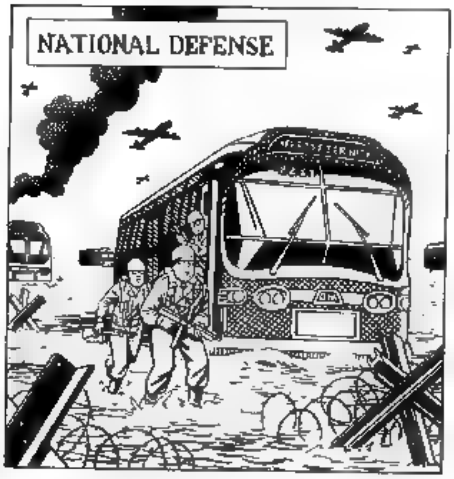
My childhood was a happy one (the monster said—or rather, thought, since he was telepathic), but even at an early age, I sensed that I was somehow...
Instinctively, I felt there had to be more to sex than simple binary fission.
But this obsession only once led my more eggotic twin.
I began to wear make-up and frequent the sleazy bars which festered in the city's underworld—
—have your nucleus alone—at least until you're old enough to reproduce!
—clubs which catered to the perverse tastes of off-worlders...
Yet even there, I yearned for "the love that dared not think its name"—that of the heterosexual.
I became fatally in love with a sailor, a portly flagellant from another galaxy.
There has to be another sex—there just has to be!

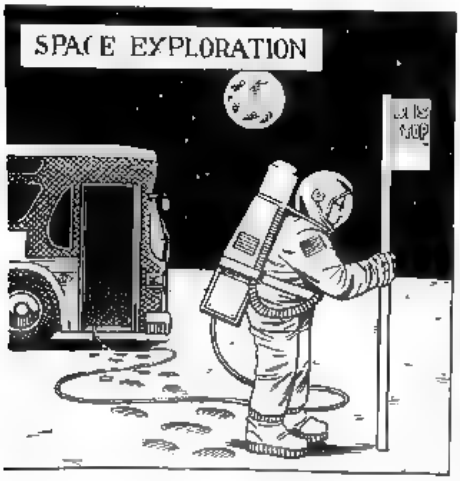

Take me with you—I want to see the universe!
You're a romantic, Gill-EE-Gan—you're going to end up shipwrecked on the shoals of your dream—
The "Skipper's" words were eerily prophetic
caught in a magnetic ion storm, the tiny ship was toss'd.
If not for the courage of the fearless mold-spore, my life would have been lost...
Oh no! SKIPPERRR!
But it was too late. The pod's hatch closed—
—and bore me aground this uncharted desert planetoid.

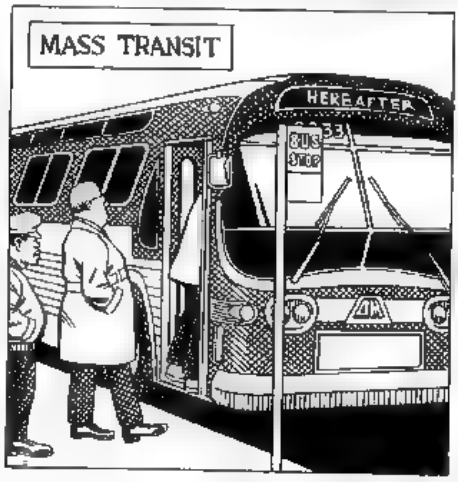
[illegible], I've [illegible], [illegible] that someday a ship would come hurtling out of the skies to bring me my perfect opposite, my other sex, my...my [illegible]...
And the monster began to cry.
Great! Here we are, stuck on a desert planet with a lovesick blob of slime.
There, there— don't cry. I'm sure your girl friend will turn up someday.
No, she'll never find me now— look what they're doing to my plane!
As we watched, a fleet of spacecraft rose menacingly over the horizon, carving up the ground below as if it were a giant tub of margarine.
Waaahhh!
What — what are they doing?
I think they're terraforming— they seem to be the equivalent of real estate developers...

PAUL KIRCHNER©

BUSES IN OUR LIVES







It's all in the name!

HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal. **The term itself is synonymous with strength, the fantastic, the outrageous. And what better way to describe our new belt buckle!**

Each weighty bronze buckle is 3¼" by 2" and will fit any standard belt.

It's the kind of accessory you can dress up or dress down, as our friendly models right here beside us so well display!

Heavy Metal Buckle
Dept HM 5-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ buckle (s) at $10.95 each (which includes postage and handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

COMING

Coming in June . . . hot town summer in the fantastic city!

What with an excerpt from Giger's new book, *H. R. Giger: New York City*, a sneak preview of "Ridleyville" in *Blade Runner*, and strips by the likes of R. Crumb, Caza, and photographer Anthony Scibelli, you can trip the city lights fantastic!

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits

In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

Heavy Metal, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00.
Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price $32.00.
Now only $22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price $19.00.
Now only $14.00 ($1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
____ 3 years, ____ 2 years, ____ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: $ _____

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

☐ Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

DAVID BLACK begins a three-part essay on Eroticism in the Eighties. MOEBIUS and BILAL get caught up in more intrigue and espionage... as SCHWERTBERGER's stone men carve their way to the Gallery.

It all seems to fall nicely into place.

DAVID BLACK begins a three-part essay on Eroticism in the Eighties. **MOEBIUS** and **BILAL** get caught up in more intrigue and espionage... as **SCHWERTBERGER's** stone men carve their way to the Gallery.

It all seems to fall nicely into place.

May 1982 $2.00
HEAVY METAL
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine